TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

IN attempting to grasp the dimensions of the catastrophe caused by the earthquake in Calabria and Sicily, one is aided to some extent by the later details appearing in the English press. We are told, for instance, that a train, crowded with passengers and running at full speed along the seashore, was engulfed by the tidal wave and disappeared in an instant, and that two trains, full of passengers, ready to start from the station at Reggio, were swallowed in the same way and that nobody escaped. There are many stories of the fate of individuals, showing how petty are human passions and pursuits in the presence of so huge a disaster. The Duke of Aosta, in walking over the ruins of Palmi, came upon the body of a dead man, clutching in both of his cold hands silver and banknotes. As the world collapsed he seized his money, but it was of no use to him. In clearing away wreckage in Messina the searchers found the bodies of two policemen and between them the remains of a prisoner with handcuffs on his wrists—here the outlaw and the agents of justice met like sentence. Two priests, who arrived in Messina, declared that they were the only survivors of the five thousand inhabitants of Scylla, and explained their escape by the fact that they happened to have been in the vault of a church when the shock came.

Stories are told, too, of great sacrifices and acts of heroism. A Russian sailor, on learning that a number of women and children were imprisoned in the third story of a wrecked house, climbed the wall with great daring, and rescued the people. No sooner were they in the street than the wall collapsed, burying rescued and rescuer in one grave. In another case a company of soldiers were working desperately to release some unfortunates who were pinned down under heavy timbers, when an adjoining brick wall collapsed, killing all the soldiers and ending the agonies of those whom they were trying to rescue. Of two regiments, stationed at Messina, only ten men survive. Of another nature was the experience of the Marquis of Semmola, who was buried alive in the ruins, but in response to shouts replied: "Save others! Don't think of me. I am in a bar and have all I want to eat and drink."

William Maxwell, the English war correspondent, declares that the Chinese city of Port Arthur, after bombardment by sea and land, was not half so ruinous as Messina. "Six months' cannonade by all the artillery in the world," he says, "would not produce the results of ten seconds of Nature's riot." We are told that the spectacle, when witnessed by the commander of the British steamer, Ebro, was so horrifying that his hair turned white in a moment under the great shock that he sustained.

The dimensions of the disaster may be realized from the following table giving the destroyed cities and towns with their populations and the numbers slain:

The chief towns destroyed are:

Messina	160,000	....	100,000
Reggio	60,000	....	55,000
Monteleone	10,000	....	1,500
Pizzo	9,000	....	Destroyed.
Palmi	14,000	....	Obliterated.
Bagnara	10,000	....	1,000
Gazzi	3,000	....	1,000
Sant' Eufemia	5,700	....	Handful of Survivors.

The following Calabrian towns were also devastated:

Villa San Giovanni	San Roberti	Maropa
Scilla	Santo Stefano	Seminara
Cannetello	Catasono	Bocale
Catona	Pillaro	Gioia Tauro
Gallico	Motta	Mileto
Villa San Guiseppe	Saline	Misitano
Gerace	Montebello	Nicotera
Gallina	Archireggio	Sinopoli
Campo Calabro	Ionio	

The Sicilian towns of Noto, San Gregorio, and Riposto were severely damaged.

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THIS is one of the greatest of the world's disasters. And yet it serves to illustrate the fact that the world is becoming one vast kingdom. Within a few hours after the catastrophe the ships of all nations were steaming towards the afflicted coast, with men to engage in the work of rescue and with food, clothing and surgical aid for the survivors. The governments of fifty nations voted funds for relief. In a thousand cities as remote as Australia, California and Jamaica, subscription lists were opened and generous response made. In this age of the world the effects of a disaster so great as this are felt around the globe—while the grief, the irreparable loss, falls on the locality, the financial loss is assessed on mankind, either through a world-wide system of insurance, or through the influence of an intelligent sympathy which raises voluntary subscriptions. A century ago, the news even of such a catastrophe, would not circle the world in less than a year, nor would the information be at all complete, nor would anything beyond the vaguest rumor reach the mass of men in countries distant from the scene. In our day the whole world knows the main facts next day, while there is time to aid. Little more than a week after the event the daily papers in Toronto were publishing photographs taken on the spot showing the ruins and the dead and wounded being dragged from beneath the wreckage. Now that the nations of the world are in hourly, almost instant communication, who shall say that we shall not accomplish great things in the way of broadening citizenship, that were not possible a century ago when these nations were in monthly, or even annual, communication with each other?

In some journals writers are predicting that as we now have the seismograph which records the faintest tremor of earthquake, we may yet have to thank science for an invention whereby the coming of an earthquake may be foretold, both as to time and place—just as the weather for to-morrow may be forecasted. It is a pretty idea enough, but science has a mighty long way to go in the study of the earth's interior before there can be any forecasting of its malevolent intentions.

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EARLY in the morning of Saturday last the White Star liner Republic outward bound from New York was rammed nearly amidships by the Italian liner Florida, two hundred miles from port. The accident occurred in a dense fog. The great gap cut in the Republic caused her engines and dynamos to be flooded, so that the ship was helpless and in darkness. But her Marconi system of wireless telegraphy was in working order, and soon the man at the keyboard had succeeded in getting into communication, by means of those mysterious sound waves, with the wireless station at Siasconsett. Here the man in charge, with more powerful appliances, began sending a call for help out over the Atlantic, with the result that in a short time the liner Baltic, about one hundred and twenty miles out of New York, and for which port she was heading, heard the call, and turned back to seek the stricken ship. Two hundred miles off in the fog in other directions other vessels heard the call for help, responded, got instructions as to the scene of the disaster, and headed for the spot. Soon the liners Baltic, New York, Lucania, Furnessia and La Lorraine, although far out at sea, were informed of the plight of their sister ship, and were bearing down on the scene. The Marconi operator on the Republic got into touch with the operator on the Baltic and guided the search. In the thick fog it was difficult to find the Republic, as its engines were drowned so that lights could not be displayed nor the whistler blown. The Florida had returned to the Republic, and being less damaged, the passengers were transferred to her, and around these two for hours the Baltic carefully circled, gently feeling her way in, so that there there might not be a second collision. Both ships that had been in the collision were then emptied of their passengers, who were taken aboard the Baltic, Other vessels arrived, and the two wounded ships were taken in tow, but before shore could be reached the Republic sank. It is a question whether the injured and over-laden Florida could have made port, and it is generally conceded that the wireless telegraph has prevented a great loss of life. The Florida was not equipped with the wireless service, and during the time the passengers were on board of her ships. We may be sure that passenger vessels will now be forced to install the wireless service. The good sense of the passengers and the skill and resolution of the officers, while admirable, were to some extent due, no doubt, to the fact that they were not cut off from the world, but could make their plight known and receive assurances that powerful aid was hastening to them.

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BEFORE condemning the Italian steerage passengers on board the Florida for getting into a state bordering on panic when, at midnight, in black darkness and rain, their wounded ship steadily settling lower in the water, they saw the cabin passengers of their own vessel and those who had previously been brought on board from the steamer Republic, being removed to the Baltic, it is but fair to consider who these people were and what they had passed through. They were steerage passengers, many of them unused to travel; they were herded together under conditions provocative of panic, and feared they were to be left to drown. But more than all it must be remembered that these people were mainly refugees from the terrible earthquake disaster in Italy. They had seen the end of the world-chaos, ruin and death all about them. Later, they had discovered that the whole world had not been destroyed; and they sailed for America, only to be involved in this tragedy of the sea. Are we to wonder that these poor people lost control of themselves? May they not be excused on the ground that human beings have seldom passed through such experiences as they?

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SOME of the guessers on the newspapers are attributing the retirement of Mr. Morse from the general managership of the Grand Trunk Pacific to the fact that he carried his autocratic railway habits into his dealings with the Government and tried to get altogether too much out of the country. This does not sound reasonable just as it stands, for how could a railway get too much out of this country? Of course, if a man went about such work in a wrong way, gave offence, and failed to get from the Government what he went after, his usefulness as a railway general manager in Canada would be almost entirely gone. A despatch from Montreal reminds us that Mr. Morse got into a tangle with the British Columbia Government over the Prince Rupert site, "which became so acute that Mr. William Wainwright had to be sent to Victoria to smooth it out." Mr. Wainwright is probably the greatest living smoother. Let him appear on a legislative scene however troubled, and once he passes over it, he leaves behind him a surface smooth as velvet. Such is the sweet reasonableness of the man. If it be true that Mr. Morse has shown an autocratic disposition in dealing with governments, the explanation probably is that he fell into the error of supposing that the railways owned the country, and elected governments to administer its affairs as directed, and he didn't believe in any humbug or pretence that the facts were otherwise. If he made that mistake, it was a mistake. A man cannot be allowed to rush into the treasury as if he owned it. He must bow; he must show the utmost deference. He must not forget appearances.

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THE writer of this page desires to send across the sea congratulations to Lord Cromer, who has had the courage to accept the presidency of the newly organized Men's League for Opposing Women's Suffrage, and is going to lead the movement against the shrill agitation of Mrs. Pankhurst. Male men everywhere will hear with satisfaction that a man of his force and ability is on the job.

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AT two o'clock the other morning a citizen was on a down town street and was in the act of giving a vagrant ten cents with which to procure a night's lodging under some cheap roof, when a policeman came along and arrested both men. The vagrant was let go, but the citizen, under the name of John Smith, appeared in court next morning and was dismissed. The magistrate told John that he had no business on the street at two in the morning.

This point needs some discussion. Where does the magistrate get his law for saying that a man has no right to be abroad at two in the morning? The idea is an old one, and it is played out. We have no curfew ringing people to their homes at 9 p.m. and no gun signalling "lights out" at a particular hour. These things belong to the away back. The streets are illuminated all night, the electric cars are in operation and are pretty well filled with people going in every direction all night long. On going home from a banquet or a ball in the early morning the citizen wonders at the change a few years have made in Toronto. One can scarcely look up any side street as he passes it on his car or in his cab, without seeing pedestrians moving about. The city no longer sleeps; it is awake all the year, all one's lifetime. Mechanics with their lunch-pails are seen on the cars going to and from work at midnight. In many places three shifts of men keep machinery running throughout the twenty-four hours, and at three or four in the morning they are seen going or coming. But aside from all that, the man who does not work at night has as much right to be abroad after 12 o'clock as before. He cannot be regarded as a suspect, nor can it be taken by the police as presumptive evidence against him, that he is abroad at an hour when it is the habit of magistrates to be asleep. It cannot be conceded to the police that they own the night. There is no longer any hour when "all honest men are abed."

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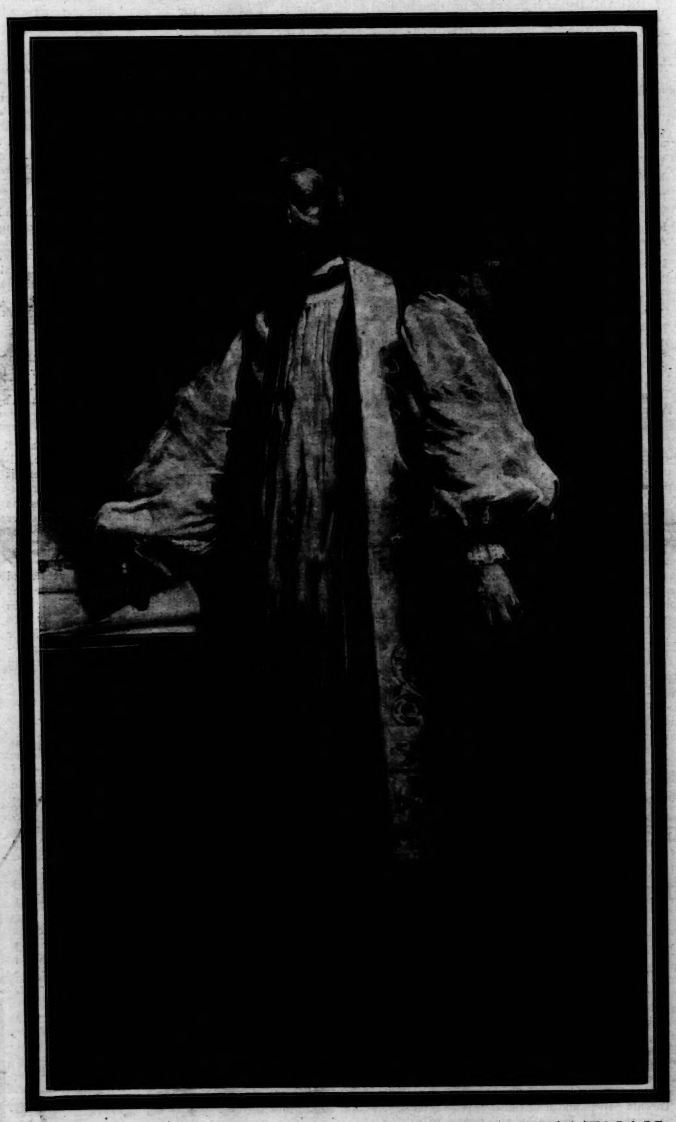
SINCE writing a paragraph or two about the unemployed last week I have had interviews with some of those who are, or last winter were, engaged in the work of finding employment for those wanting it or administering relief to those in need of it. Toronto was widely advertised last winter by the local press—and by cablegrams quoting the sensational statements of the local press—as a city where the most extraordinary measures had to be resorted to in the way of granting help to the freezing and the hungry. Men had crowded here last winter from various parts of the country, and they have flocked back this winter, satisfied that the "City Hall" will take care of them. Many of these persons are under the impression that the municipality of the city of Toronto is in some way or other responsible for them, owes them a living and a good one, too. They demand, reproach, threaten. The civic authorities, having established a Free Employment Bureau, have instructed Mr. E. F. Trimble, the manager of it, to register the names and addresses of these men and of all the unemployed, and gather such information about them as will show next year to what extent the city of Toronto should assume responsibility for them. Much information has already been collected. Of 494 men to whom cards were sent last week entitling them to three days' work at $2 per day, 32 per cent. failed to turn up. There can be no reasonable excuse for such a large percentage refusing the employment offered them. The conclusion cannot be avoided that many of these men want to agitate, want money handed to them, but do not want work, unless some soft and easy task. I am told that out of some seventy-five cases investigated in two days recently by Mr. Trimble's agents, 25 per cent. were found to have absolutely misrepresented their status when registering at the Free Employment Bureau. In one case it was found that three names had been given as at one address—one man having entered under three names to get three helpings. Another indignantly tore up the card given



THE LATE MOST REV. ARTHUR SWEATMAN,
ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO, PRIMATE OF ALL CANADA, WHO DIED ON SUNDAY, JAN. 24, 1909.

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. WYLY GRIER, R.C.A., PRES. O.S.A.

him by the Parks department, complaining that they were sending him to Riverdale Park whereas he wanted to work at Willowvale Park as more convenient to his home. But in fact one park is about the same distance from his home as the other. One man seeking aid was found to have a bank balance of $500. In a number of cases men came to the city in the autumn with plenty of money to carry them over the winter but spent it with a free hand. These people are going to find that the municipality of the city of Toronto does not assume responsibility for them at all. Records will be kept and men need not flock to Toronto next fall after wasting a summer's earnings, expecting to be provided for. Only ten per cent. of those who are registered as unemployed are Canadians, and of the 90 per cent. there are many who only came to the city as a safe place for the winter. For a worker who cannot get work and is in want, every right minded man must have sympathy, and must desire that the municipal authorities should provide such employment as can be provided, even at considerabe pains. But the shirkers must be sifted from the workers. The thriftless will have to learn that the municipality is not going to fondle and mother them.

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THE Toronto Playgrounds Association is an organization that has for its object the calling of public attention to the necessity of open spaces in the crowded quarters of the city, where the children can find healthy amusements under the eye of a guardian, rather than be left to their own devices in the streets and lanes. It has been found in other cities that it is cheaper to supply these playgrounds, than to go on dealing with the conditions produced by the lack of them. Anyone who visited those schoolyards that were, as an experiment on the part of the school authorities and the Board of Control, kept open as playgrounds during the summer holidays last year, must have been convinced that fine results can be brought about in this way. I went around with others and saw these schoolyards on a hot August day crowded with children deeply interested in sports, and under the supervision of teachers who were there for the purpose. They came there eagerly day after day all through the holidays, and it is safe to say that no person who made the rounds of those school yards will fail to hope that the authorities will open these and various other school grounds in the same way this year. But the Playgrounds Association hopes to supplement this work and carry it a step farther by opening a playground, furnished with all the appliances that have been found useful in making such a place healthful and attractive to children under twelve years of age, at some central point where the citizens can see the scheme in operation as they have it in some of the cities of the United States. It costs one dollar to become a member of the organization for 1909, anybody can join it, and every dollar will be applied to the equipping and running of a modern playground, it being confidently expected that when the success of one has been demonstrated, the necessity for more such places will be evident to all. There are centres of population in Toronto more crowded than many readers of this paper would believe. In some neighborhoods children fairly swarm, and, in the hot weather, how they live is a mystery to anyone whose childhood was spent in the country, or who carries his own family off to Muskoka or other cool and roomy region. Yet they live, but under conditions good neither for them nor for society in the long run. The idea begins to find favor that the opening up of playgrounds in congested districts is the greatest of all fresh air movements—the most sensible form of extension that the park system of a city can take. The organization of which I have spoken wants 2,500 members so that a like number of dollars and a large body of enthusiasm will be available in giving a thorough demonstration of the part a well equipped modern playground can play in the life of a city. Is it not worth the gentle reader's while to invest a dollar in this venture and take out a membership card in the movement. The secretary of the Toronto Playgrounds Association is Mr. J. P. Hynes, Bank of Commerce Building, Yonge St.

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MR. TEMPLEMAN, the British Columbian who held a portfolio in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Cabinet, having been defeated in the elections, it is reported that Mr. Sloan, a Liberal member, will resign his seat so as to create a vacancy for Mr. Templeman, and will be rewarded with a place in the Senate. It looks like a bit of horse trading in which the country has to pay "whatever's to boot," but when The Mail and Empire gives voice to its alleged moral indignation, The Globe reminds the Conservative journal that Sir John Macdonald called Mr. Perley to the Senate to create a vacancy that Hon. Edgar Dewdney could make use of, and that Mr. McKeen was called to the Senate to make a vacancy that Sir Charles Tupper could make use of. If a politician should eat his stenographer and be censured for it by a hostile press, the journals friendly to him would no doubt be able to prove from the records by going back far enough, that the practice of cannibalism used to be common enough, and that there is nothing to show that newspapers at that time protested against it.

This plan of justifying whatever is done in politics, not by means of arguments showing that the thing itself is sound and right, but that somebody else did the same thing twenty or forty years ago, is one that should not satisfy an intelligent public. How can there be progress and improvement in the world if we accept as justification for an action, the fact that the same thing was done a generation ago?

A defeated cabinet minister might be a man so valuable to the country that the taking of unusual steps to retain his services would be warranted. But, as a rule, the Dominion cabinet suffers from too few, rather than too many, injections of new blood.

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MAKING protest against the excessive length of the sessions of the House of Commons at Ottawa, Mr. E. N. Lewis, M.P., of West Huron, gave some comparative figures. The last session extended over eight months and one hundred and fifty-seven bills were passed. The Quebec Legislature sat one month and twenty-two days and passed two hundred and eighteen bills. The Ontario Legislature sat two months and twenty days and passed one hundred and forty-six bills. In a session shorter than that at Ottawa the Imperial Parliament usually passes twice as many bills. In Congress at Washington, in a session of five months, over fifteen thousand bills are usually introduced, and over two thousand passed.

The trouble at Ottawa is that time hangs heavy, for some reason, and there appears to be nothing else to do but gather daily for listless debates. The Government business is not ready to go on with; the Opposition leader does not want to bring on his big attack until late in the session. Another bad practice was that referred to by Mr. Lewis when he said that whenever one member from the Maritime Provinces, or the wheat plains, or British Columbia, makes a speech calling attention to any question in which his part of the country has an interest, every other member from that part of Canada feels called upon to arise in turn and talk interminably on the same subject. Nobody in Parliament pays serious attention to these perfunctory discussions, which are merely meant to show "the people at home" that the members are in their places delivering orations for the benefit of their constituents. But, as a rule, these speeches benefit nobody and accomplish nothing. Long speeches are as a rule slovenly. The man who has a message can put it in a limited number of words and will not muffle it in unnecessary windings of language. "Patrick Henry's famous oration," Mr. Lewis reminded Parliament, "lasted but twenty-two minutes; Sir Wilfrid Laurier's great speech on the South African question lasted thirty-two minutes; Sir John Macdonald's speech on Confederation lasted thirty-five minutes; Burke's speech on Warren Hastings lasted ninety minutes; Thomas D'Arcy McGee's famous address on the Land We Live In occupied but eight minutes, and William Jennings Bryan's famous Cross-of-Gold speech, was delivered in twelve minutes." In fact, the long speeches with which Parliament is afflicted at Ottawa are inexcusable. The sessions, however, can be shortened whenever the Prime Minister and the leader of the Opposition can agree to shorten them. It is well known that men are put up to talk time away, to keep the shop running and to prevent trouble makers from bringing up vexed questions.

MACK.

Helpless.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

I DREAMED that it had come my time to die,
That Death stepped up and looked me in the eye
And said: "You've stood me off from time to time;
A penny on account, perhaps a dime.

But now it's up to you to come across,
And up to me to prove that I am boss."
The doctor dropped my hand and turned away;
The preacher next stood up and ceased to pray.

Death led me forth and calmly hailed a car.
"This way will do," said he, "it is not far."
The car stopped short though I could see no post
Marked, "Cars stop here," and, even though a ghost,

I'm very sure I wore a gloating grin
When, at the *front* door Death and I went in.
I saw him slip the motorman a tip
As we passed in, one finger on his lip.

I watched the spectre searching for a seat;
An urchin trod upon his bony feet,
A maiden mildly brushed him from her lap,
And then, Oh joy sublime! Death grabbed a strap.

The car went on, we rode for blocks and blocks,
But no conductor came to ply his box.
"Death hath his points." The spectre smiled at me
And silently he chuckled in his glee.

Then suddenly he stopped and held his breath—
A hawk-eyed little man had sighted Death.
"His Whiskers hasn't paid his fare," said he,
And then he turned his evil eye on me.

"What boots this tale?" you ask; the moral's plain
Futile man's schemes, his strategy in vain—
Poor mortal man, hear what the prophet saith:
"Bob Fleming gets you even after death."

The Harmful Necessary "U."

Editor Saturday Night: I am afraid that the patriotic b-t f-tile attempt of The Globe and its always faithf-l ally the Ham-lt-n Spectat-r to eliminate from the Canadian alphabet a letter which represents the vowel so-nd most freq-ently heard in "Tronto" has not yet been appreciated as it deserves to be.

Every morning as I walk to my work I hear the shrill *very* shrill—cries of children calling fer "Alfr-d-d" or "Eth-l-l" or "Evl-n-n" or "Margr-t-t" or "Har-r-ld" or "Wilfr-d-d-d" or the sweet (!) strain of "Tha Mapull Leaf Forev-rr," and a few S-ndays ago o-r choir th-s rend-rred (and rended) Bishop Heber's bea-tif-l Epiphany hymn:

"Bright-st and best -v tha sons -v tha morning,
Dawn on o-r darkn-ss and lend -s thine aid,
Star of tha East, tha h-riz-n adorning,
G-ide where o-r inf-nt Redeemer is laid."

Contin-ing with the declaration that

"Ang-ls adorn Him in sl-mb-r reclining,
Mak-r and Mon-rch and Save-y-r of all."

If The Globe and "Spec" s-cceed in ridding -s of this most objectionable "vowl," I shall soon feel m-ch more "tah-m" in "Tronto" or even in "Ham-lt-n."

"BRITISH PREFERENCE."

Jan. 26, 1909.

A Few Questions.

Editor Saturday Night: Has it ever occurred to you to ask yourself what would be the effect on Toronto and Central and Western Ontario if the American Government were to put a prohibitory export duty on coal? They would have as good a moral right to do this as we have to prohibit the exportation of pulpwood.

Do you suppose that it has ever occurred to your cruel and fierce Toronto colonels, with all their exuberant loyalty to the only Government which can give them knighthoods, to ask themselves where England would be left if the United States, wearied by the incessant abuse of the Toronto papers and politicians, were to offer to unite with Germany and Russia in an attempt to rob Great Britain of her colonies?

Do you think that Dr. Pyne's revision of the spelling book in the interest of flunkeyism will be rewarded by a Windsor uniform and a title?

Do you know that the people of Canada are getting tired of being exploited and rendered ridiculous in order to gratify the avarice of the rings and the variety of the flunkeys?

Do you realize that the connection of the Mother Country and Canada results in great financial loss to nine-tenths of the people here and is, by antagonizing her natural allies and consequently encouraging her enemies, the chief source of weakness to Great Britain?

I remain, yours, etc.,

A REAL LOYALIST.

W. T. Stead and Spiritualism.

Editor Saturday Night: While the Press and many persons may heap ridicule on Mr. Stead for having been bold enough to present to the world some of the remarkable phenomena that he has experienced in his spiritualistic vagaries, it is due him to say that much of our old theology is based on similar phenomena and experiences, and it seems to me that we must either accept Mr. Stead or repudiate much of Holy writ.

But if we believe that the personality of man persists after death, then it would not be unreasonable to suppose that the personality of the son Willie may continue to linger in the vicinity of the father. The personality of the son may have even taken up its abode, metempsychosis like, in the cranium or some other part of the anatomy of father Stead. Because, if our personality persists *our wills*, being the most essential part of our personality, must persist also. Hence, we conclude that whithersoever our wills may direct, thither our personalities must go. Now, Willie *fils* may have willed, while scintillating through spiritualistic space, to come in touch occasionally with *pere* Stead for the purpose of comparing notes as it were. This assumption is not as preposterous as it may seem. For if the doctrine of free will which constitutes the major part of the make-up of our personality holds good, our personality must come and go as our *will* freely wills. Neither the felicities of heaven, nor the horrors of hell, nor the penances of purgatory can restrain and fetter Willie once he wills to visit his father in London. So let us be indulgent to *pere* Stead and marvel not at his revelations.

Yours truly,

Hamilton, Jan. 25, 1909. M. D.

A DIVINITY student at Victoria University sat down the other day and wrote a card to the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT to say that he appreciates the paper very much. "Your fair-minded dealing is what I mostly appreciate. I must say you are helping me to look at things from all sides."

IN advocating the use of the lash in cases of wife-beating and other crimes of brutality, Mr. Bickerdike, M.P., said that "if we would use the lash a little more we would have much less reason to use the rope."

IN a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT one of our writers referred to John Galt as "founder of the city of Guelph and also of the town which bears his name." A reader sends us a note reminding us that this is incorrect. "The town of Galt was not one of the Canada Company's towns. It was not founded by John Galt, but was so named after him by his friend Mr. Dickson. Mr. Galt himself states that he never heard of it until it had a post office. The three Canada Company towns were Guelph, Stratford and Goderich."

THE row in progress between President Roosevelt and Congress prompts the quotation of the following sentence from one of Mr. Roosevelt's own works, his "Life of Cromwell": "Had Cromwell not become cursed with the love of power, had he not acquired a dictatorial habit of mind and the fatal incapacity to acknowledge that there might be righteousness in other methods than his own, he would certainly have avoided a break with this Parliament."

ONE of our lady readers in London, Eng., writes to say that she greatly appreciates SATURDAY NIGHT. "I greatly enjoy," she says, "reading my weekly copy, and never fail to pass it on to some friend to show Canada's best sentiments."

THE friends in Toronto of Mr. William Bleasdell Cameron, editor of The Signal, at Vermillion, Alberta, were pleased to see him in the city last week on his way to New York. Mr. Cameron has done some creditable magazine work, and will be remembered by many as the white man who was for some months held a prisoner in the camp of Big Bear during the Riel Rebellion of 1885.

GEORGE HEMPL, professor of philology at Leland Stanford Junior University, believes that he has discovered a key to ancient inscriptions on Etruscan tombs and columns, which he regards as more important than his solution of inscriptions on German runics. Professor Hempl declares that his find will have far-reaching results on ancient Latin history and on disputed facts in Latin grammar and etymology.

Southern Cities Resent Prohibition.

WHY try to force prohibition on the cities where it is impossible to enforce it? This is the question (notes The Literary Digest) which the urban press of Tennessee are indignantly asking their readers as an aftermath of the passage of the State-wide prohibition bill by the State Senate, which practically insures the final establishment of one more Southern commonwealth under the sign of the full water-pitcher. That the passage of the bill was a surprise to those sections of Tennessee containing Memphis, Nashville, and Chattanooga is evident when it is noted that almost the combined press and business influence of these communities were actively opposed to it.

"The business and commercial interests of these cities are almost solid against this arbitrary and damaging legislation," says The Nashville American. "Why should such unfairness and undemocratic and tyrannical spirit be shown toward the cities?" asks The Nashville Banner. The Chattanooga Times pleads that four-fifths of the voters and taxpayers of that city are unalterably opposed to the "passage of a law especially directed to the abridgment of their rights to govern and control their own local affairs." Every professional organization, every laboring organization, and a majority of the prominent business organizations are against prohibition in Memphis," says The Memphis Commercial Appeal, which goes on more at length thus:

"There is more in this opposition than the loss of revenue to the city and the injury that will be done to business. Certain it is that a majority of the people of Memphis are not for State-wide prohibition. We believe the leading objection on the part of those against prohibition is the knowledge of the utility of the measure. It is felt here that public sentiment not being behind it, the law would not be enforced. The traffic would become outlawed, yet public sentiment would not be strong enough to have the law observed. It was a hard fight in Memphis to enforce the Sunday law. Our political rulers made it an instrument for gathering in votes. In order to whip the saloon people into line, the lid was put on tight. Then, when they were in line, the lid flew off."

The Nashville American is incensed over what it believes is political treachery in the passage of the bill. It says in part:

"No question is ever settled until it is settled right. Under the provisions of the bill which was driven through the Senate yesterday, there is neither right nor justice, neither common sense nor practicability. The frenzied prohibition forces, under selfish leadership, may whip their bills through legislative halls, but they will have difficulty in making those whose sensibilities have been outraged observe them. So far as this newspaper is concerned, if these measures are placed upon the statute-books, no matter how unjust they may be, it will do its part to see that they are enforced, but it will never sanction the method of their enactment. No honest newspaper can."

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THE thirty-eighth annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held in Toronto on Wednesday and the reports presented showed the excellent position that this strong financial organization occupies. For the year ending December 31 last, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, the profit was $641,318.11, which, with a balance of $235,140.61 carried from the previous year, and $148,274.75 premium received on the new capital stock, made the splendid aggregate of $1,024,733.47. In dividends at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum there was paid $473,462.64; there was written off the bank premises $100,000, and transferred to the reserve fund $148,274.75, leaving to be carried forward the handsome balance of $302,996.08. The reserve fund, it was announced, now totals $4,981,731.62. The million dollars of new stock issued in 1907 was not only fully subscribed, but paid in full.

She: Is it true that Miss Blank is going to marry the Prince?

He: Er—well, they have issued a denial of the story which contradicted the report as to the falsity of the rumor that the account was untrue.—Brooklyn Life.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, JAN. 28.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT in his plan of Government annuities, now in active operation, appears to have solved to some extent the problem of aiding the working classes in the saving of the odd dollars and thus providing for the time when the day's wage or the yearly salary can no longer be earned. This scheme of Government annuities is in no sense an old age pension such as Great Britain is now providing for its citizens. On the contrary it is merely a means by which those of limited income can, from time to time, deposit with the Government given sums, upon which interest is paid, compounded, at the rate of four per cent. per annum. At the end of a stated period this sum, with its accumulated interest, will be paid back in yearly instalments, thus securing for one's declining years a set income which within reasonable limits will keep them free from want and independent of friends, relatives or poor houses. Whether a person be five years of age or fifty, whether he pay a lump sum or in instalments, the total amount he has to pay is the same. Another feature is that by no process of law can the annuities be taken from him, and in case of death before the annuities become payable, all payments with interest revert to the heirs.

The lack of facilities by which the comparatively poor may save the small surplus over and above the annual expenses of living, has always been a weak spot in all governments in the new world. When governments or municipalities sell bonds on this side of the Atlantic, and in most countries in Europe as well, the denominations are usually not under $1,000, and therefore the man with a few dollars to invest is excluded. The same applies to railway and all other securities which are to be found in the open market. If, perchance, first class bonds can be purchased in small lots, then the buyer is obliged almost invariably to pay more than the market price, and the same rule applies where small lots of stocks are purchased. France more than any country in the world has taught her people, and particularly her peasantry, to invest small savings in the bonds of the country, and this very largely accounts for the fact that France today is, reckoned per capita, the richest country in the world.

The Canadian Government is, and will be for many years to come, a large borrower—this is inevitable with a country in the process of development. Then, why not borrow a goodly proportion of these funds at home, as outlined in the plan of Government annuities? The advantages are evident. First of all the Government would pay a large sum annually, as interest, back to its own citizens, this of itself being an enormous addition to the wealth of the community. And lastly but by no means least, the citizens who became creditors by the loaning of their funds would have as security the Government itself, more lasting and solvent than any banking institution, insurance company or other corporation ever can or will be.

⁂

All in Tune.

Without casting any discredit upon the Montreal Board of Trade or its nominees to the coming Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, which meets in Sydney, Australia, in September next, it appears to have opened itself to some criticism, in naming none but protectionists of the most pronounced type to represent it. The members of this deputation named are Lt. Col. J. H. Burland, George E. Drummond, R. Wilson-Smith and H. B. Ames, M.P., all men of wealth and standing, and all of whom have accumulated much of their money by means of tariff walls. In other words they are either manufacturers or interested in manufacturing. George E. Drummond is largely interested in the iron and steel business in Canada; Lt. Col. Burland is interested in a dozen or more manufacturing enterprises; H. B. Ames owes a large proportion of his income to the shoe manufacturing business, while R. Wilson-Smith sells them stocks and bonds, besides being interested in the steel and iron business. The farmer, the grain grower, the stock raiser, the men who by the Government blue books contribute something like eighty per cent. of the wealth of the country are not represented on the Montreal deputation, and as the farmer does not reside in communities where boards of trade exist his views on tariffs and tariff reforms is not likely to be heard at the convention.

⁂

A Witty Speaker.

John T. Knight, secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Bankers' Association and manager of the Montreal Clearing House, enjoys the reputation of being the best after dinner speaker in Montreal. Neither is this reputation altogether local, for he has been heard before now in Boston, New York and Toronto, not to speak of his old home in the Maritime Provinces. Knight is a funny looking cuss to begin with, and when brains were being distributed managed to get more than the average mortal. He also has a manner of treating serious subjects, such as banking, in a half serious way which is indescribably funny, and at the same time is never absurd. At the last annual meeting of the Bankers' Association, held in Toronto, he referred to the elevation of Sir Edward Clouston. With never a smile and in the most serious of manners Mr. Knight referred to the fact that they had a Knight as a secretary, and therefore the King after pondering over the affair had come to the conclusion that he could not do less than make the president of the association a Baronet. The ludicrous effect of Knight's drolleries are heightened by the gravity with which he always tells them. I have heard him speak in public many times and have never known him to even smile over a story which has simply convulsed everyone present. Among Mr. Knight's other duties is the editorship of the Bankers' Quarterly, and in this appears able articles by him, and he possesses a deal of experience as well as a decided gift for this sort of work. Simeon Ford is looked upon as the witty after dinner speaker of New York, but they should try John Knight.

⁂

The Winter Carnival.

The fight which the railways, and more particularly the Grand Trunk, are making against the winter carnival, which is to be held in Montreal between Feb. 10 and 20, is making them look decidedly absurd in the eyes of disinterested people. So far as the carnival goes it is going to be held, and people are coming to it, special rates or no special rates, and the railways might just as well make up their minds to it. The officials of the Grand Trunk, judging from their attitude, are lying awake nights trying to think up plans whereby they can dampen the energies of the carnival committee and others interested in making the project a success. As a matter of fact, however, the plans are going along swimmingly. The ice palace is shaping up, and the various other features are well in hand. Society has given the carnival the necessary "boost" by announcing that the Earl Grey Skating Club, of which all Montreal's social leaders are members, and of which Lord and Lady Grey are at the head, will give a special entertainment in the Arena, which they have leased for the purpose on carnival week. The Governor General who is enthusiastic over winter sports will be present during the carnival, as will also Lady Grey, and the younger members of the household.

⁂

TORONTO, JAN. 28.

NOTHING of vital importance has transpired in domestic financial circles the past week. The business situation is running along pretty much in the same groove as in recent months. The trend in interest rates is still downwards. This is due either to a want of confidence on the part of our bankers with regard to future trade, or to an over-abundance of capital. It seems unreasonable to suppose that the latter is the case. With such an unlimited area of territory as Canada has to develop, and the large borrowings abroad, most of which moneys will be used in the development of our resources, it does not strike one that there can be such a thing at the present time as a too large supply of money. Such a position would be quite reasonable in Great Britain, where conditions are so different, but in this country it seems absurd to contemplate. The real trouble, we imagine, is that Canadian capitalists both individually and collectively, have not that confidence they should have in the great undeveloped resources of this country. Perhaps it was that the troubles of last year had given our bankers too great a scare, consequently contraction must be continued. It is not unlikely that the business of 1906-'07 was overdone; that is, there was not sufficient money for the trade and commerce of the Dominion. In fact it is safe to say, that present conditions are due to a large extent to the over-trading in recent years. But the commercial situation in this country has a sound basis. Crops have been abundant, and prices good. The exports of agricultural produce last year were unusually large, and they represented more wealth than in any previous year. Prospects undoubtedly are most encouraging. The opening up of new territory through the extension of our railway systems, and the building of new lines, mean a large increase in immigration into Canada. While 1908 showed a comparative decrease in the railway mileage of the United States, it was quite the reverse in Canada. Then, again, our domestic trade has been increasing in late months. These are very favorable features, and barring an unseen calamity, we see no reason why the present year should not be one of progress and prosperity.

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Cheap Money.

The rates of interest at present are the lowest on record. Still, the latest returns of our banks indicate the liquidation of commercial loans, and the building up of immense cash assets. This has been going on for a long time now, and accounts for the cheapness of money. The cheapness of money, however, is felt only by the large institutions which have the money to lend. Loans are made only to those people who give a quick and undoubted convertible security. So little encouragement is given business interests that one would imagine that the safety line has not yet been reached. Of course the profits of banks must necessarily be reduced if these institutions carry on the policy of restriction in the accounts of the general business public. The loans made to the public outside of Canada, including those of a fixed as well as of a liquid character, continue to increase. For example, call loans made outside Canada by Canadian banks amounted to $97,136,000 on Dec. 31 last, an increase of about $12,000,000 during the month, and an increase of $54,000,000 in the past year. Commercial loans made outside amounted to $30,351,000 on Dec. 31 last, an increase of $2,500,000 for the month, and an increase of about $7,500,000 for the year. These outside loans aggregate $127,480,000, whereas the deposits received by our banks from outside Canada aggregate only $66,903,000. When we turn to the statement of loans and deposits made in Canada during the same period the contrast is striking. Call loans in Canada on Dec. 31 last were only $43,827,000, an increase of $1,100,000 for the month and a decrease of $700,000 for the year. Domestic commercial loans were $511,808,000, a decrease of about $4,000,000 in December, and a decrease of nearly $45,000,000 in the past year. As against this the purely Canadian deposits on December 31 were $639,800,000, an increase of $80,000,000 for the year. Altogether, the loans made by Canadian banks aggregated $683,112,000 on December 31, as compared with $667,526,000 a year ago, the increase as stated above being in loans made outside the country. Total deposits last month were $706,802,000, as compared with $613,218,000 a year ago, an increase of $93,600,000.

The cash held by our banks now aggregate $93,223,000, as compared with $75,082,000 a year ago. In addition to this there is a large increase in security investments. The purchase of bonds has been heavy. In December the total amount in such securities was $74,316,000, an increase of $3,600,000 since September, and the largest total on record. In 1904, 1905 and 1906 there was moderate purchasing of bonds by the banks—averaging about $3,000,000 per year. In 1907 and 1908, until the last quarter of the year, it ceased entirely. Present indications point to 1909 being a record year for these purchases. Though industry and commerce are slowly gaining impetus there is little prospect, some think, for some time to come, of their making enough headway to absorb the banking surpluses.

⁂

A Contrast.

London's criticism of Wall Street as being "always in too great a hurry," found some substantiation in the course of stock market prices in 1908. The Bankers' Magazine, of London, estimates that during the year the aggregate value of 387 representative securities dealt in on the London Stock Exchange increased from 3,500 millions of pounds sterling to 3,638, or by about 138 millions. But while there was thus a gain of about 4 per cent. in securities of all classes, the price of American railroad com-

BANK OF HAMILTON
Dividend Notice
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two and one-half per cent., for the quarter ending 27th February, 1909 (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum), on the Capital Stock of the Bank has payable at the Bank and its branches on and after payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, 1st March, next.
The transfer books will be closed from the 20th to the 27th February next, both inclusive.
By order of the Board.
J. TURNBULL, General Manager.
Hamilton, 18th January, 1909.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
Solicits your Savings Account. Highest current rate of interest paid four times a year. A deposit of $1.00 or upwards starts an account.
TORONTO OFFICES
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of this Bank will be held at the Head Office of the Bank, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, on Wednesday the 10th day of February, next at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of receiving a statement of the affairs of the Bank, for the election of Directors and for other business.
By order of the Board,
R. CAMPBELL, Acting General Manager.
Winnipeg, Jan. 2, 1909.

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AT the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Traders Bank of Canada the general manager, Mr. Stuart Strathy, presented an annual report that was gratifying to the shareholders. The net profits of the year, after making allowance for all possible contingencies and crediting interest to all interest-bearing accounts, were shown to amount to $500,217.60. The amount carried forward from profit and loss account of the previous year increased this to $525,681.99, which was available for distribution. This amount was apportioned to pay four quarterly dividends at the rate of seven per cent., amounting to $304,699.50. After deducting sums for other necessary purposes, $190,982.49 was left to be carried forward at the credit of profit and loss account. The paid up capital stock amounts to $4,353,592, and the rest account is $2,000,000, nearly one-half of the paid-up capital.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 74

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eleven per cent. (11 p.c.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st January, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

Monday, the 1st day of February next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th January, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 23rd December, 1908.

Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

15 cts., at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & Co., 360 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-west

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties—(1) At least six month's residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorised publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

mon stocks alone advanced on the average about 28 per cent. Indeed, out of the total expansion of 138 millions, shown by the magazine's compilation, practically 100 millions occurred in United States securities, leaving only 38 millions to be spread over every other department of the Stock Exchange. The sustained support of strong New York interests—largely artificial and manipulative—recklessly advanced prices during post-panic months. Precipitous in their fall, prices of Americans (aided by cheap money for market use) bounced upwards again during 1908 to a height that amazed even those tolerably well versed in the idiosyncrasies of Wall Street's habits. But New York's market weakness during the current month shows that over-discounting continued to characterize the closing days of the year.

***

London Getting Gold.

For the first time in many months the Bank of England secured the gold from the South African mines available on the market on Monday to the extent of £665,000. There was no continental competition, due partly to the circumstance that the recent advance in the bank's rate of discount has caused an improvement in Paris checks on London and the fact that Paris has ceased the accumulation of gold, now that the new Russian loan is out of the way. The fact that the Bank of England is now in the position to obtain gold on the open market possibly will avert a further increase in the bank rate at present.

The New American Secretary of State.

THE most influential member of the Taft cabinet will be Philander Chase Knox, who will succeed Mr. Root as Secretary of State. Mr. Knox is now a Senator, from Pennsylvania. Mr. Root, on his retirement from the Roosevelt administration, will enter the Senate as a New York representative.

In physical appearance and temperament there is all the difference in the world between Knox and Root. The retiring Secretary is impressive-looking, a man of unbending dignity. The new Secretary has an impressive intellect, but he is described as "one of the brightest, cheeriest, most companionable and jovial little men in all this world." Current Literature contrasts them as follows:

"The Senate loses Knox, and (in all probability) gains Root. The cabinet loses Root and gains Knox. In the matter of personal pulchritude the Senate is ahead on this exchange. Root is not only a great statesman and a great lawyer, but he looks it. He is a fine figure of a man, tall, erect, spare but not too spare, and with a face and head on which intellectuality and nobility of character are impressively stamped. He was moulded by nature for a great part in the world's affairs. As for Knox, he is short and portly and bustling, and his face is so cherubic in its expression that President Roosevelt's nickname—'the sawed-off cherub'—has been doing heroic service for several years, and probably will continue to do it for years to come. Yet as a great constitutional lawyer Knox stands a close second to Root, and the newspaper correspondents almost unanimously agree that he will be a close second as Secretary of State."

"It is a curious thing," says The New York Times, "and one staggeringly complimentary to Knox, that a man whose record is absolutely bare of any relation toward or experience in foreign affairs can be selected for Secretary of State and receive an undoubting and unanimous verdict that he will be a great one. And yet the reason is very simple. It is that Knox is known to be not merely a great lawyer, though all his triumphs have been won through his legal acquirements; he is recognized as a man with an all-round mind."

Continuing, Current Literature says: "The way in which Mr. Knox has grown on the country since William McKinley seven years ago fished him out of private life, shows that a diminutive stature and a cherubic face are offering little if any obstruction to the march of his intellect up toward the top rungs of the ladder. 'Put six senators in a bunch, taking them from where you will,' says the correspondent of The Boston Transcript, 'and Philander C. Knox would be the last the stranger would select as a man of dominating ability. But the brains are there; the learning is there.'

"Born fifty-five years ago in Brownsville, Pa., he had to struggle to get an education and had to teach afterwards to enable him to study law. He specialized on corporation law, locating in Pittsburg when the manufacture of multi-millionaires was comparatively an infant industry. He became connected in a legal capacity with the Carnegie Steel Company, and in the quarrel that ensued in the later history of the company between Carnegie and Frick, Knox stood by Frick and lost to a considerable extent the friendship of Carnegie. He played an important part in putting together the United States Steel Corporation. McKinley secured him for attorney-general, and Roosevelt kept him in that post. Mr. Knox refers to his three and a half years in the cabinet as the most delightful of his life. President Roosevelt seems to have a great regard for him personally and officially, and his letter to Knox upon the latter's retirement from the cabinet to enter the United States Senate was used far and wide when Pennsylvania Republicans were pushing Knox as a rival to Taft for the Presidential nomination.

"He is no enigma, we are further told, no narrow-gauged specialist, no crusader with a hobby. He is just a warm-blooded, good-humored, big-hearted, cool-headed, broad-gauged American, fifty-four years old and fifty-four years sensible. He loves to fish and to drive a fast team, he plays golf and poker and pinochle. His wit is sharp and his humor broad. He has none of the cold and somewhat repellent austerity of Root, but has a jolly face and a jolly manner, and 'when he is making a point that is off the serious line,' says Frederick Boyd Stevenson, 'his expression reminds one of the painting of the monk who is telling a good story.' One other interesting touch to his picture is thus given by The Times correspondent: 'As Cæsar declined to have men about him that were thin, so Knox refuses to have objects about him that are large. He drives small horses; he rides in a small carriage; he does not enjoy being in the presence of large furniture. . . . Wherever he can do it, Knox surrounds himself with objects which do not emphasize his physical littleness.'

"Taft and Knox will thus make a striking physical contrast. If Knox surrounds himself with little things, Taft, perforce, surrounds himself with big things. Down in Augusta, the other day, he made humorous reference to the fact that he couldn't find a saddle that was a man's size, and a friend had one specially constructed for him that is almost as large as a Pullman car seat. Taft and Knox horseback riding together would present a rich spectacle for gods and men—and cartoonists."

General Antoine Simon, elevated by his bayonets to the Presidency of Hayti, promises law and order, protection to aliens, public works, concessions and progress, and the uplift of his people.

A Toronto Student's Grievance.

A CORRESPONDENT of The Varsity, who signs himself C. V. M., and who is presumably a student of the University of Toronto, writes:

It is the inalienable right of every Anglo-Saxon to have a grievance, and it is his chiefest joy in life to nurse it. Whether or no the study of their ancient mother tongue—or, as a professor has put it, their "grandmother tongue," Old English—has intensified this racial failing in the students of the English and History Course, one cannot say. But they rejoice in one common *bete noir*—compulsory Anglo-Saxon.

The plan is for an optional subject. It is not Old English—but enforced Old English—that causes the difficulty. The subject in itself must not be maligned—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* It is entirely essential to those painstaking people who make a living deciphering ancient land-charters and other professional Anglo-Saxons—chiefly resident in Germany—who spend their lives compiling great dictionaries of uncouth words—largely for the edification of other generations of professional Anglo-Saxons to come. This is rather suggestive of Mr. Benson's story of the man who ploughed his field to grow oats to feed the plough horses. For Old English is a specialists' subject—that, at all events, is the Oxford view of the matter—it seems rather out of place as a compulsory subject in a course that aims at general culture.

On the subject of Anglo-Saxon poetry, Mr. Andrew Lang will speak with more authority than an undergraduate with the regular "two hours a week." "Does any mortal ever read Anglo-Saxon poetry for pleasure?" he asks, "or for any purpose except that of passing an examination? Anglo-Saxon poetry is far from gay, and apparently nobody knows how to scan it."

But if the many thousand lines of Old English poetry were worth the reading for the sake of their barbaric grandeur, it is to be doubted if two years' study of it in the latter half of a difficult course really affords a sufficient base for any such achievement.

Of course there are charms proper to Old English. In Germany they often spend an hour on a single vowel in a troublesome word. It must be thrilling, no doubt, to see an "irritating diphthong" started from its lair in Anglo-Saxon philology, pursued relentlessly past the northern dialects, hounded on through the mazes of Anglo-Frisian, and finally pinioned in some dark corner of the Gothic language. But this is too extravagant. Let us embrace Mr. Lang's judgment again when he says:

"'Compulsory Greek' is not a good thing, but may the rising generation be preserved from compulsory Anglo-Saxon!"

Travel and Culture.

THESE reflections by Harper's Weekly are intended for Americans, but they make good reading for Canadians too:

The advantages of old-time life in Greece, as set forth in a Lowell Institute (Boston) lecture by Dr. J. P. Mahaffy, of Dublin, included the simplicity of Greek life, which made living easy and left more time and strength to spare for education, and the fact that the Greeks, having abundant culture at home, did not need to travel in search of it. "One great difficulty with the Americans," said the speaker, "is the huge amount of time spent in travelling, for it is the most serious bar to education. If the country were one-half or one-tenth of its present size, the Americans would have more opportunity to secure education." Perhaps so, and yet we suspect the learned Irishman lies under some misapprehension both as to the motive of the travelling that is done by Americans and of the necessity that they should travel in order to get the culture that he seems to suppose they are after. He is doubtless right in thinking that to spend a huge amount of time in travel is a serious bar to education. But Americans don't so much travel nowadays in search of education as for recreation. Comparatively few of them go abroad after culture. The great majority go for amusement. The tired go for rest, the lazy go because they like a change and are easier amused without working abroad than at home. If by the use of their eyes they pick up a little culture in their rovings, without effort, they are by so much the gainers, but most of them do not get very much. Sir Thomas Browne, after living six or eight years on the continent of Europe, said in effect that travel was not of vital importance, because the thing best worth studying was man, and that could be investigated as well at home as abroad. Nowhere on earth can man be studied to better advantage in this age than in this country; nowhere is the human mind freer, the relations of human beings more interesting, and the problems that grow out of them in a more edifying state of experiment and solution. Moreover, there are centres of culture all over this country, which continually feed and influence inquiring minds. In what other country are the best books so easily accessible to so many competent readers? What other air is so full as ours of the ideas and inspirations that stimulate and glorify life? Culture, like literature and art, is and must be a by-product of life. Here we have the life: the by-products are sure to come in ample measure.

Why the Sultan Still Lives.

"THOUGH Hamidianism is dead, Abdul Hamid is still allowed to live," exclaims Arthur J. Evans in The London Standard. Mr. Evans has recently been "with the Young Turks at Constantinople," and expresses admiration for their "bloodless revolution." He says the reigning monarch has now sunk down into "a mere puppet." He "is under close observation," and is prevented from "interfering in politics." He "sits with folded arms in his almost deserted reception-chamber." His passage to the Parliament House was a melancholy spectacle. "It was a scene not easily forgotten—the haggard face of Abdul Hamid, the triple row of soldiers on either side just leaving room for the passage of the carriage, and beyond, fenced off again by iron railings and a further row of police, the 'loving subjects' penned in like a flock of sheep."

But how was it he escaped the fate of Charles I. of England and Louis XVI. of France? Mr. Evans thus treats this question:

"That he should have been allowed to live, still more to remain at his post, is still perhaps the most remarkable feature of this remarkable revolution. When it is realized that his victims are in power and what those victims have suffered, their self-control in this respect seems almost more than human. Yet it is the result of a deliberate resolution born of strength, not weakness, and motived by the obvious consideration that violent measures provoke a violent reaction. Due account had also to be taken of the fact that a great part of the Empire was not yet sufficiently 'educated' in liberal ideas. So, except for the Revolution has been bloodless."

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AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL

WRITES ON THE BATTLE OF THE "U."

Editor Saturday Night:

SIR—I want to write you just a line to tell you how much I enjoyed reading your article about that new way in which the Globe wants the children in your Canadian schools be taught—I think it is by some American professor—to spell some of our English words. You say that even here in Canada you remember a time when "honour" was spelled as we always spell it in England and that then the word "honour" seemed to mean more than it does now when it is spelled in a different way but I think chiefly by Americans or people who want to be as much as possible like the Americans. I know that as Austin Dobson says:

"With slower pens men used to write,
Of old when "letters" were "polite."

Of course you know all about Austin Dobson for editors of magazines and newspapers must read a great deal of the very best English literature to be able to pick out such lovely "Gems of Poetic Thought" as Mr. Acland used to print every Saturday in the magazine part of the Globe and those "Gems of English Prose" that Mr. Robertson Ross chooses for the Evening Telegram. Sometimes he—Mr. Acland I mean—published verses that I liked, but sometimes they were by persons I never heard of before such as Jean Blewett and Duncan Campbell Scott and K. L. Jones and John Hunter-Duvar and Major Richardson—why have you so many majors and colonels in Canada and did they all go out to South Africa and fight bravely like the one you call "Sam" Hughes?—and John L. Stuart-n who somehow always made me think of "John L. Sullivan." I sometimes wondered then whether if Mr. Acland hadn't printed this so-called poetry in lines of about equal length and each beginning with a capital letter I might not have mistaken them for prose.

The Globe's Saturday supplement seems to me much better than it used to be. Can they have got a new editor for it and one more "pro-British" or at all events more pro-Canadian—which ought to be the same thing. Some of the pictures of Canadian scenery are beautiful—one that I cut out and pasted in my scrap-book is of the view of Pointe a Pic from Cap a l'Aigle which seems to be the more easterly of the two headlands that form the bay at the mouth of the Murray river—looking westward up the great St. Lawrence River. I think it must be the same that I saw in a book I picked up while waiting for a friend to go a walk with me. The book is about an old Canadian manor house that seems to have been built—at least the original manor house—more than two hundred years ago. It—the book I mean—looked very interesting. Another is a portrait of the chief one among your many prime ministers—you seem to have such a lot of prime ministers and John says of chief justices too. Why do you need so many? We have only one of each at home and they must have a great many more people to rule over and to judge between than you have in Canada. He is a fine looking man that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and I remember it was said that he attracted a great deal of attention at our dear late Queen's Diamond Jubilee and John read to me out of the newspaper a very witty and polite reply that he made the other day to a rather rude question put by a Mr. Forrester or Forster who seems to be the leader of the Opposition in your House of Commons.

I think the poetical selections too are more to *my* taste than they used to be but John never reads them and he chaffed me a good deal the other day because I could not quite control my voice when I tried to read him that bit from my favorite Austin Dobson which is called "The Child Musician." You remember it is about a little boy who went out to play the violin at grand parties—I suppose he was a little German or Italian boy but perhaps he was English—and it begins

He had played for his Lordship's levee,
He had played for her Ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.
And the face grew peeked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest—for a while—tonight."

but it *was* too late—for he died in his little bed that night and

"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God! "'twas the last he said."

I know I am a silly woman but I *cannot* read about suffering—and above all the suffering of little children without first looking about to see if there is a pocket-handkerchief near—for you know they won't let us have pockets in our clothes any more.

But John is not a bit sentimental. I haven't told you yet about him. He is my only brother and we came out here when my father married the second time. John is a stenographer—or as you say "a short-hander"—in a solicitor's office in that great big building on the north side of King street opposite the Bank of Commerce. He just laughs at the poetry I like best and calls it "slush." His favorite poet is an English officer Col. D. Streamer—only they say that is not his real name. He—Colonel Streamer I mean—wrote a little book called "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes." I think it is a perfectly horrid vulgar book but John just loves it and when I want to read him really nice poetry he repeats to me some silly stuff out of this or the "Barrack Room Ballads" or the "Five Nations" like

"I wish my mother could see me now with a fence-post under my arm,
And a knife and a spoon in my puttees
That I found on a Boer farm."

and he goes about the house singing—and worst of all—to a hymn tune

"Willie, with a thirst for gore,
Dashed the baby on the floor;
Mother said, in accents mild,
"Darling, you have slain my ch-e-ild."

or

"Father heard his children scream,
So he threw them in the stream,
Saying, as he drowned the third,
"Children should be seen, not heard."

But I am afraid I am wandering away from the question I wished to ask you when I began my letter. This is it—Do you, Mr. Editor seriously and honestly think that Canadian people who spell honour in the English way—the Globe says they are "flunkeys" and "servile imitators of English cast-off habits" but I think the Globe is wrong for although such words as "labor" and "rigor" and "odor" probably came to us from the monks—of course I mean the *word* "odor" not the smell itself—those old monks who used to have to talk nothing but Latin Latin all day and even say their prayers in Latin at night—it must have been very hard at first and even worse than the "French hour" in my old school in Manchester but I suppose they had to practise it a good deal so as to be able to talk to other monks who might come from other countries to visit their convent or monastery or whatever Roman Catholics call those places—yet though those words and some more like them may have and probably did come to us directly from the Latin as the Globe says they did yet there are a lot of other words such as "ardour" and "armour" and "colour" and "favour" and this very word "honour" that according to what I was taught at school and have since read about in "Ivanhoe" and in Green's "History of the English people" did not come to us from Italy at all but were first used in England by the French soldiers and noblemen who came and settled over here after the battle of Hastings—that these people—and Americans generally and those who prefer American ways of doing things—haven't in their minds and hearts exactly the same idea of what honour really is as my father and the ladies and gentlemen of his time used to have.

My father was the vicar of Knutsford in Cheshire. My name is Matilda Graham and I am related—though I am afraid rather distantly—to Colonel John Graham of Claverhouse who was Viscount of Dundee—"Bonnie Dundee"—and who more than two hundred years ago compelled a number of Scotch people to swear allegiance to King Charles or else be tried for treason if they would not but some of them were disloyal and would not take the oath and he had to kill a few worst of them who wouldn't so they called him "bloody Claverhouse" though they might just as well have given that nasty name to the Canadian officer who had to shoot some rebels in your last American war.

I was always called "Matty"—in memory of my father's friend Mrs. Gaskell who lived near us then and wrote a very charming book about some of the people in our village. He—my father I mean—was a very learned man and a Master of Arts of Oxford University. He held the living of Knutsford—it was a very small living to be sure—in the presentation of the late Sir Henry Holland who had been his friend at the University and whose son (Viscount Knutsford) is now the lord of the manor. Their college at Oxford is still called "New College" though it is really quite old and was founded more than six hundred years ago and the Bishop (William de Wykeham) who founded it caused to be carved in large letters over the principal door the words "Manners Makyth Man." I wish that motto were put over the doors of all the Board Schools in Toronto. I wonder if there would be any use in my writing to Mr. James L. Hughes or Mr. Levee about it. Do you think they would have it done?

As I say, he—my father I mean—was a very learned man and a great friend of the late Archdeacon Farrar and Canon Kingsley of Eversley. He—my father—used to say that next to trying to be good and to do your duty in that state of life as the Prayer Book says you should and behave properly towards everybody according to their station and to honour and obey the King and all that are set over you and be very kind and gentle towards servants and inferiors it was most important that we should "endeavour so to inform the understanding and discipline the intellect as to regard the fundamentals of life in their true perspective and with reference to their proper position and importance in the divine scheme of the universe." He was a very learned man and liked sonorous phrases did my father and was very fond of the works of the late Doctor Samuel Johnson. I remember his saying that some of the dissenters (there were very few in our parish and these were mostly Wesleyans who were a good sort and went to church in the morning and to chapel only in the afternoon) that some of them had not this due sense of proportion about everything and that one or two of them even thought it less wicked to tell a lie or to cheat in business than for anybody and most of all for a minister of the gospel to take a glass of wine or beer with your dinner and smoke a pipe afterwards—father always did both—or to play a game of picquet or cribbage or a rubber of whist—bridge had not been invented then—in the drawing-room after dinner when the candles were lighted in the big silver candlesticks. Father would sit down to a rubber with a parishioner—sometimes even with old Sir Henry himself and then they would have a pipe and a glass of toddy together before the visitor went away and we children would sit in the big chimney corner and read. We were allowed to read novels—good ones I mean—like Sir Walter Scott's and Mr. Thackeray's and Mr. Charles Dickens's—which were just then very much in vogue—and Mr. Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and Jane Austen's—all of them—especially "Pride and Prejudice" and even George Eliot's, and Mrs. Ewing's and Miss Edgeworth's. Mr. Chadband—he was the minister of Salem Chapel in Knutsford—thought it was an awful thing that the children of a professing Christian and above all of a minister of the gospel should be allowed even to look at a novel and he spoke severely to my father about it—.

But dear me!—I sat down to write this letter just after breakfast when John left for his office and I have written six sheets of the large notepaper with the Graham crest on it and it is nearly eleven o'clock and I haven't spoken to Martha yet about the dinner and I haven't said half I want to say or asked half the questions I meant to ask and so I shall have to write you again.

I am, my dear Mr. Editor,
Sincerely—but much puzzled about that word "honour"— Yours,
MATILDA GRAHAM.

(Conv. of S. Paul)
January the twenty-fifth

P.S.—(John says women always add a postscript to their letters. I don't think he is right, do you?) When my father was talking about some of the dissenters in our parish not looking at things in their true perspective and proper proportions I know who he was thinking of though he named no names for he never said an unkind word about anybody. In this he was like the ladies who go to the W.A. meetings in our little church round the corner and they are like the late Prince Consort "who spake no slander, no nor listened to it" and he—my father I mean—was like that. But I know he was thinking of a butcher and a grocer who had their shops in the High street of our village at the end farthest from the vicarage. They were both chapel people so of course we never dealt with them for our trades-people in both Knutsford and Manchester—which is only twenty-five minutes from Knutsford even by a Parliamentary train—were all sound Church people—but I must tell you in my next letter what befell the butcher and the grocer. M. G.

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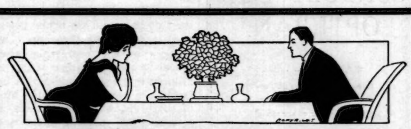
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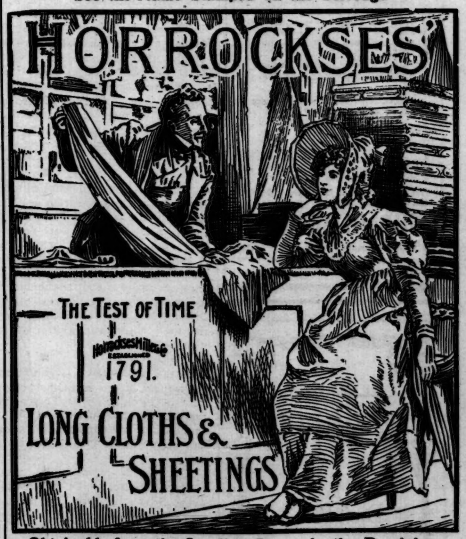

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Phyllis Ellen Clarke, eldest daughter of the late E. F. Clarke, M.P., and Mr. John Chapman Ross, Dep. P. O. Inspector for North Ontario, took place on Wednesday afternoon, at half past two o'clock, in the Reformed Episcopal church, corner of College and Lippincott streets, Rev. Willard Brewing officiating. Apart from the interest taken in the bride and groom by their personal friends, there is a very kindly feeling for the former, owing to the deep friendship and admiration felt by many who do not know the young people, for her father, the late E. F. Clarke, whose memory is still green in the hearts of his friends. The bride looked very well in her trained Directoire wedding gown of rich white satin, with filet lace, sewn with pearls. The tulle veil was fastened with orange blossoms to the fair hair, and the bridal boquet, as well as the flowers used in decorating the church, were yellow roses, chosen because of the preference always expressed for that flower by the late father of the bride. Mr. George Clarke brought in his sister and Mrs. Clarke gave her away. Miss Isobel Clarke and Miss Edna Mortimer, sister and cousin of the bride, were bridesmaids, all in delicate pink, huge pink hats and carrying pink roses. Mr. T. Ross was best man. The ushers were Messrs. J. C. and Rowland Hill, Mr. Charles Clarke and Mr. Edwin Thomas. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Ross, standing under a canopy of roses and green, received the congratulations of their friends at a reception given by Mrs. Clarke at her home in Markham and Harbord streets, where the dejeuner was served, and a beautiful lot of wedding gifts very much admired. Mr. and Mrs. Ross left for Detroit by the afternoon train, the bride travelling in a heavy blue cloth costume, touched with black satin; ermine furs, and a becoming white felt hat. They will be in Ottawa for this season, where a warm welcome awaits them. Mrs. Clarke wore a dress of sequined black lace and black hat with ospreys, and Mrs. Ross, mother of the groom, was in a very handsome Empire dress of orchid and green and black satin plumed hat, and carried violets. A number of guests from out of town came for the wedding, during the ceremony at the church. Mr. Daniel Scott, an uncle of the bride, sang "Holy Heavenly Love" and Mr. Fred Palmer played the bridal music.

The stately ritual of the Anglican church was solemnly carried out by the clergy, upon whom devolved the sad duty of conducting the obsequies of the late Primate, on Wednesday afternoon. Four Bishops, Niagara, Montreal, Ontario and Algoma were among the high dignitaries at the service in St. Alban's Cathedral, where royal purple hangings were outward signs of a mourning deep in many hearts. Colonel Victor Williams represented the Governor General and was the bearer of His Excellency's condolences, and His Excellency sent an exquisite wreath of orchids, palms and lilies, which, with a like beautiful tribute from the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, were the principal among many tokens of love and esteem sent. During the lying-in-state of the dead Archbishop soft music was continuous, several of the city organists taking the organ by turn from ten to one o'clock. The Lieutenant-Governor attended the funeral, as did also the Premier of Ontario and the Cabinet Ministers. The Mayor and Council, Sir Charles Moss, the Provost of Trinity, the Principal of Wycliffe, Hon. George Graham, representing the Premier and Dominion Cabinet, were some of the notable men attending the funeral. Tomorrow the Bishop of Niagara will preach the memorial sermon in St. Alban's Cathedral.

Dr. G. W. Ross, son of Hon. Senator Ross, who has been in the General Hospital for four weeks with an attack of appendicitis, has now recovered from the operation and was to leave the hospital yesterday and go South for complete restoration.

Lady Dorothy Smyly went down to Ottawa for a brief visit with a very smart party of friends this week, and returned to town on Thursday.

The advent of Fluffy Ruffles at the Princess the latter half of last week crowded the house for every performance. On Friday night every box was taken and the house quite crammed. A merry box party of young men with a couple of married ladies included Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Lionel Mabee, Mr. Roland Biggs and Mr. Keith Macdougall. In the stalls were a few of the regular habitues of the Princess and a vast crowd of those who prefer the Fluffy Ruffles type of entertainment to more serious and connected drama. This week the old brigade are all on duty to see Henry Miller in "The Great Divide." One must perforce miss the actress who made the play complete, Margaret Anglin, but not everyone had the luck to see the New York presentation, and beside, the actress who plays "Ruth" this week plays her excellently.

Dr. and Mrs. Caven returned to town on Tuesday after their wonderful escape from death on the sea. Mrs. and Miss Mason, of Queen's Park, and Miss Tweedie are also home. Kind enquiries were made by many friends for Mrs. Andrew Smith, the gentle invalid mother who was so anxious about her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, but the attendant on the door dared not admit the many friends who hurried to cheer and encourage the mother over the news of her daughter's escape. Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith's friends are indeed very glad the peril of their faithful and loving daughter ended in safety.

Mrs. Flavelle had a large gathering of friends of the Sherbourne street Methodist church in her beautiful house in Queen's Park on Tuesday night, when a musicale was the evening's amusement. The Ladies' Aid received contributions to their fund and a goodly sum was raised. The affair was most enjoyable, and in all respects a success.

Miss Curlette will be the hostess of a dance at Westbourne School for Girls on Friday, February 12. Invitations were out for the event this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Curry have taken Mrs. Van Straubenzee's house, 7 Roxboro street east, for the winter. Mrs. and Miss Curry receive there next Tuesday.

Mrs. George Higinbotham left for New Orleans yesterday.

The death of Mr. Herbert Hammond on Tuesday, after an illness of desperate suffering and long duration was, however great a loss, still a relief to his sympathising friends. His patience and noble unselfishness, his courage and deep solicitude for other sufferers, were the qualities which cast a halo about his sick bed and will be tenderly recalled when his brilliant business ability and keen intellect are comparatively forgotten. Through his active and untiring efforts many a victim of the white plague will be restored to health and many a doomed life will be made more bearable. All honor to the spirit which moved Mr. Hammond in his last days to continue his appeals for help in the hospital work for consumptives, even when his own life was at its lowest ebb. Rarely have our people had before them such an example of fortitude and generosity. Oceans of sympathy and sincerest condolences are with Mrs. Hammond and her children in the loss of such a husband and father.

In the Centenary Methodist church, St. John, N.B., at mid-week, the marriage was celebrated of Mr. Percy Robinson, of Toronto, formerly of St. John, and Miss Emma P. Tuck, daughter of Hon. W. H. Tuck, former Chief Justice of New Brunswick. The bride wore white satin, with point lace, a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and was brought in and given away by her father. After the reception at the Tuck homestead, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson left for Montreal, en route to Toronto, and will reside here in future.

Mrs. Ross Gooderham, St. George street, Mrs. Dunbar, East Roxboro street, Mrs. Le Mesurier, Walmer road Mrs. A. F. Rodger, Maple avenue, Mrs. Walter Elliott, Walmer road, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Sherbourne street, have been bridge and tea hostesses recently.

A circular has been sent to all the known pupils of Mrs. Neville, of Rolleston House, who was for many years a successful teacher of some of Toronto's finest girls, inviting their co-operation in getting up a testimonial or souvenir subscription to Mrs. Neville, who is now living in England. If any of Mrs. Neville's pupils have been omitted, Mrs. A. Stewart, 55 Brunswick avenue, would be glad to acquaint them with all particulars.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt is giving twin bridge parties next week. Mrs. Hagarty's tea was postponed from last week to next Thursday in respect to the memory of the late Primate.

Dr. and Mrs. Roberts have returned from Algonquin Park.

The next dance in the King Edward in which society is acutely interested, will be the Rose ball on Shrove Tuesday. The cards are now out, and the Daughters of the Empire are working for the success of every detail of this charming dance. Roses will be used, as usual, in decorating the ballroom, garlanding the pillars and generally turning the beautiful apartment into a tropical bower; and the belles will wear rose-color, white, pink, cream or red, with the roses matching the gown. And she who is favored above her fellows will have the biggest bunch of Beauty roses in the whole flower garden. There will be so many girls to attend this pretty function for the first time, that it bids fair to outshine even the lovely memories of past years.

The wedding of Miss Mary Gzowski and Mr. Gavin Ogilvie will be the most important event of next week. Flouting bad luck and superstition, it will take place on Friday. Many out of town guests are expected for it.

A very happy looking countryman of Harry Lauder, who is under grave suspicion of meditating a change in his condition, was overheard singing gaily to himself the other morning, "I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie!" and being suddenly accosted by a friend with "What's her name?" fell blushing and stammering, and finally got out of sight as speedily as possible.

Mrs. Eastwood will give a couple of house dances for young folks on Wednesday and Friday next.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock went to New York on Monday for a few days.

I hear of some very pretty costumes *en train* for the *bal masque* at Benvenuto next Tuesday. Several small dinners will be given before the ball, and the guests will keep each other's identity secret afterwards, but will not be quite at sea in the ballroom.

Miss Dorothy Grahame has gone to Georgia in company of her brother, Mr. R. B. Grahame, who goes on to Wyoming.

Miss Grace Ponton, of Belleville, is visiting Mrs. Parkyn Murray. Mr. Calvin, of Kingston, was in town on business at mid-week.

Mrs. Jack Moss' very serious illness is a great sorrow to her many friends. She is now in the General Hospital, under very special care.

A little son was the gift of the stork to Captain and Mrs. Harold Bickford a short while ago, and the accounts of his condition are very good. Mrs. Bickford is with her parents in St. George street, where the first grandson is warmly welcomed.

Toronto friends smiled on receipt of a card from Mrs. Davidson (Mary Ellwood) with a wee card fastened on one corner from baby "Eileine Elizabeth." The ladies are at Mugie Moss House, Bucksburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delamere are settled in their new home in Heath street, and Mrs. Delamere will receive next week. Miss Elsie Keefer especially enjoys the bright clear air of Deer Park, which is very much higher than the former home of the family at the north end of Simcoe street.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed have taken an apartment at Sussex Court, their home in Sherbourne street having been rented furnished until next May.

Mr. A. E. Donovan, M.P.P. for Belleville, has rented 588 Huron street for the season, and Mrs. Donovan received for the first time yesterday.

The Cadet Corps of St. Andrew's College will hold their annual ball in the college on the evening of February 19.

Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald, wife of the Principal of St. Andrew's College, who has been ill for the last two months, is now convalescing in Dr. Walker's Hospital.

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In Ye Olden Time.

IN prehistoric times, methinks,
There were no variegated drinks.
The plesiosaurus grew not pale
At drinking too much Bass's ale.
The mastodon went on his way,
Nor had, to cheer, a *pousse cafe.*
The ichthyosaurus felt within
No soothing mixture made of gin.
The only thing they had to hide
Their grief, was water—on the side.

—T. L. M., in Life.

One question connected with religious feeling, and the manifestation of religious feeling, has become a more settled point among us, since fifty years have expired. I mean the question of attendance by clergymen on theatrical representations. Dr. Carlyle had been prosecuted before the General Assembly in 1757 for being present at the performance of the tragedy of "Douglas," written by his friend John Home. He was acquitted, however, and writes thus on the subject in his "Memoirs":

"Although the clergy in Edinburgh and its neighborhood had abstained from the theatre because it gave offense, yet the more remote clergymen, when occasionally in town, had almost universally attended the playhouse. It is remarkable that in the year 1784, when the great actress, Mrs. Siddons, first appeared in Edinburgh, during the sitting of the General Assembly, that court was obliged to fix all its important business for the alternate days when she did not act, as all the younger members, clergy as well as laity, took their stations in the theatre on those days by three in the afternoon."

FOOTPRINTS ON THE TRAIL IN ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK

BY "THE GINERAL"

A PARK ranger walks smartly along the lodge road leading to Silver Creek, which he intends following to its source at Rainbow Lake. He pauses a moment to investigate a footprint in the snow—a fox in search of mice. The ranger moves on to view another disturbance in the snow. He mutters: "Fooled again, Reynard!" Reynard had tried to steal up to a ruffed grouse that had been sleeping in the snow the previous evening, but without success.

Almost at the same place an ermine had, after an exciting but untiring pursuit, overtaken and killed a cottontail rabbit; after which it had taken the rabbit several yards through the snow to a crevice in a rock, evidently storing it there for future use.

Several fine red deer standing on a rock near by watch the ranger move on his silent trail. They turn their pretty heads as much as to say, "Our protector, we have no fear of you," and commence feeding farther on the trail. A number of other deer bound off the trail, then stand and watch the intruder for a moment before going on feeding.

Suddenly, the ranger stops. "Wolf tracks; fresh, last night, and going my way," he observed to himself. He moves swiftly along the trail and notices that marten and fisher tracks follow the wolves. Something doing now! Soon the wolves turn down a well-beaten track made by a family of beaver who have been cutting timber farther up the hills and trailing the brush down to their pond to prepare for the cold weather that is sure to follow. The wolves follow this path, bounding along at great speed to reach the entrance in the ice at the dam. A few small pieces of fur tell the story of the tragedy that has taken place there. The snow has been beaten down for many yards around by wolves fighting for their share of the beaver.

Returning to the trail the ranger notices that Reynard has joined the marten and fisher, who keep steadily along the trail. About a quarter of a mile farther on the wolves return to the trail, walking in single file, following each other so carefully that the inexperienced traveller would think only one wolf had followed the trail, which now crosses a small pond where the ranger has several wolf baits laid carefully. These the wolves have viewed with contempt, scratching and tossing the bait around.

This work the ranger views with a puzzled look. Then he mutters: "I'll get them yet." He then follows along his silent trail, and once more notices that the wolves have been walking around in circles, then sitting down—evidently a council of war. After which a number of tracks lead off up the hills. More follow the trail, and a number follow the stream. Several more fox tracks now follow the trail. This the ranger notes carefully, and looks closely for evidence of another tragedy in the forest. Not more than two hundred yards away there lie the few bones and antlers of a large buck. Footprints show that the wolves have driven the deer off the hills. The wolves that have followed the stream have travelled fast, and taken the trail farther on and returned to assist in forming a cordon around the mouth of the ravine down which the buck came, causing him to halt for one fatal moment, during which his pursuers have pulled him down. Then the feast, after which the wolves have sneaked away to the hills to sleep. Other footprints show that foxes, marten, and fisher have all assisted in cleaning up the fragments of the feast.

Once more the ranger wends his way along the trail, then along the stream and across several beaver ponds. Here and there a solitary beaver can be seen drawing brush down well-beaten paths to their pond. Every beaver house shows sly Reynard's track. He has been examining every opening carefully, for he dearly loves baby beaver chop for breakfast, and hundreds of these small animals fall victims to his cunning.

Leaving those ponds, the trail enters a marsh. A number of muskrat houses are seen. A few of the houses have been destroyed by wolves and foxes, whose footprints are to be seen wherever a muskrat house is to be found. At the upper end of the marsh the stream rushes down the hill over rocks into a deep pool. Here a partly-eaten carcase of a muskrat and numerous mink tracks tell the story of another tragedy.

Kwek! kwek! kwek! kwek! comes the shrill call of the cock of the woods from a pine shako near by. The ranger turns and views the heavens, then mutters, "no sign of storm yet." Then he slowly climbs up the rocky gorge, noting carefully that many deer, ruffed grouse, fool hens, etc., have left their footprints where they have been drinking. Only a short distance away is a monster beaver dam several feet high, built to keep water in Rainbow Lake at a certain level the year around, thus protecting the many beaver there. In the snow on and around the dams are to be seen many footprints of fox, mink, otter, fisher, etc., while the blood and an occasional fish head show where a speckled trout had been eaten; while on the shallows of the lake countless numbers of the speckled beauties can be seen, evidently spawning. A number of otter trails lead away from the open water to other ponds near by. To the otter the ranger lays the guilt of slaughter among the fishes, the other animals merely being there to accept any morsels left on the bank or ice.

The ranger consults his best friend, the compass, and crosses the hardwood ridges homeward bound. He notes that the grouse are leaving the ironwood trees. Closing their wings to their sides, they plunge into the snow overhead so as to sleep warm through the night, and perhaps for several days, as the ranger now notices a storm approaching and recalls the kwek! kwek!! of the cock of the woods. Deer are hurrying from all directions to small swamps, etc., while from the distance comes the dismal howl of wolves, gathering for the slaughter of more innocent dwellers of the woods. Crossing the Brule Downey and Arctic woodpeckers are seen hurrying to their homes in some friendly shako near by.

Snow begins to fall. The ranger is near Canoe Lake shelter house. His comrade has arrived from his route an hour earlier, and the savory smell of venison stew and baked beans, etc., cause all weariness to vanish for the time. After ample justice has been done to an excellent supper comes the pipe. Incidents of the day are exchanged, the daily paper is brought in at 7 p.m., and a couple of hours are spent in reading and writing up reports. Then they turn in for the night.

The Eagle Screaming.

An article on the provincialism of America having appeared in the English monthly, The National Review, the Chicago Tribune quotes parts of it approvingly, and says the article might do some useful service if widely read in America. We quote the Tribune's editorial.

THE writer presents us some specimens which truly are calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the national patriotism. He has lit, of course, upon something from the lips of Bailey, quoting from an encomium upon Texas in which the senator declares that "the victory of the Texans at San Jacinto is destined to exert a wider influence upon the happiness of the human race than all the conflicts which established and subverted the petty kingdoms of the ancient world." Painful as it is for the American of intelligence to realize that this was spoken in the senate, we have become somewhat indurated to the Baileys, Tillmans, and Jeff Davises. But our critic, thereupon, quotes another senator—Thurston—to the following effect.

"The country knows, and the world knows, and impartial history will declare, that the war administration of Russel A. Alger stands first in all the annals of recorded time."

Leaving the unhappy region of political rhetoric, the writer cites the Rev. Dr. McArthur's assertion that "one hundred years from to-day Lincoln will be hailed as the greatest man in the human race, and beside him, if not above him, will stand McKinley."

It is a little unkind to cite against us the indiscretions of minor literary commentators, but Dr. George Cary Eggleston's opinion that of Washington "absolutely alone among mankind may we prudently speak in unrestrained superlatives," and Miss Helen Winslow's that the period of Boston's history which knew Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes, "was a literary epoch, the like of which has scarcely been known since the Elizabethan age," are relevant to the indictment. But absence of authority cannot be pleaded for the following list of the world's greatest artists inscribed in the Corcoran gallery at Washington: "Phiddias, Giotto, Durer, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Rubens, Reynolds, Allston, Ingres."

Perhaps the gem of the collection is to be credited to Senator-elect Cummins, who is charged with the following:

"Our men are unique in the society of the earth. . . . In the depth and breadth of character, in the volume of hope and ambition, in the universality of knowledge, in reverence for law and order, in the beauty and sanctity of our homes, in sobriety, in respect for the rights of others, in recognition of the duties of citizenship, and in the ease and honor with which we tread the myriad paths leading from rank to rank in life, our people surpass all their fellow men."

Now, of course, the reader's first impulse upon perusing these statements by our fellow Americans is to scream and jump on his hat. But on second thought, they are not merely ludicrous. Even if we fall back upon the comforting theory that these writers and speakers are megalomaniacs in need of treatment, or bumptious ignoramuses of subnormal mental equipment, how about the readers who read them, and the hearers who hear them, without violent protest.

Our critic is not harsh in his conclusions, but he does point out the folly of a national spirit which is given too much to contempt for the past. Freedom from the dead hand of outgrown forms and institutions is one thing. Unwillingness to make use of the lessons of the past, and to examine ourselves and our achievements in its perspective is quite another. The latter tendency is wasteful and stupid beyond excuse.

Musical Notes.

Mr. Welsman has begun serious work with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra for the next concert, which is to be given in March, with the assistance of Micha Elman, the young Russian violinist, whose American tour has been a succession of triumphs. Among other good things we may expect is the wonderful "Fifth Symphony" of Beethoven, which has been called "the 'Hamlet' of music." Mr. Welsman had an opportunity to hear it while he was in New York, and his reading of it will be very interesting.

* * *

At the Toronto College of Music on Monday evening, January 25, the piano and vocal pupils of Miss Eveline Ashworth gave a recital before a large and appreciative audience. The following pupils took part: (Piano), Eva Murray, Helen Mole, Mabel Clapp, Evelyn Runciman, Luzetta McLelland, Mildred Lotz, Margaret Steele, Lillian Massen. (Vocal), Arloa Fraser, Elsie Evans, Annie Mason, Dorothy McMahon, Lulu Steele, Greta Harper, Elsie Whitmore. The pupils all showed careful training and reflected great credit on their teacher. They were assisted by Hazel Byram, violinist, pupil of Mr. Paul Branciere.

* * *

A recital was given on Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music by pupils of F. H. Torrington. The programme was as follows: Wagner, Liszt, "Rigoletto," Hazel Hicks; Mendelssohn, Duette; Chopin, "Polonaise, in C sharp minor," Ethel Freeland; Chopin, "Scherzo," Olive Blain; Prudent, "Reve d'Ariel," Lillian Haggerty; Mendelssohn, "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso," Hazel Hicks; Chopin, "Nocturne Op. 32, No. 2," Marion Porter; Torrente, "Show me Thy Ways," Lillian Haggerty; Ellis, "Do Not Forget," Penelope Young; Mendelssohn, "O, Rest in the Lord," Isabel Woods.

MELOS.

We can not imagine a better illustration of the general habits that prevailed in Scottish society in regard to drinking about the time we speak of than one which occurs in the recently published "Memoirs of a Banking-House," that of the late Sir William Forbes, Bart., of Pitsligo. The book comprises much that is interesting to the family, and to Scotchmen. It contains a pregnant hint as to the manners of polite society and business habits in those days.

Of John Coutts, one of four brothers connected with the house, Sir William records how he was "more correct in his conduct than the others; so much so, that Sir William never but once saw him in the counting-house disguised with liquor and incapable of transacting business."

A woman is a suffragette when she has no influence over men.—Life.

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SPORTS COMMENT

THE winter sports at Montreal are to take place from February 10 to February 20, both dates inclusive, and the committee make the announcement that the Ice Palace will be built, as originally intended, and in point of beauty and illumination will excel anything ever before attempted in this line. The contract for fireworks has been awarded to Hand of Hamilton, and the display is to be of the most lavish kind. One can readily imagine how beautiful will be the effect when such fireworks as are seen at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto are sent up in the midst of a glittering winter landscape with the brightly illuminated Ice Palace in the centre, and an army of snowshoers, in bright costumes, and carrying colored torches and Roman candles, attack the Palace, and are met with resistance by a defending force. As a correspondent in Montreal tells us, it is expected that the storming of the Ice Palace will be a spectacle for which there will scarcely have been an equal.

Another very interesting event will be going forward in Montreal at the same time as the winter sports, and will prove quite an attraction to visitors from all parts of Canada. An exhibition of paintings by French masters will be held during the entire Carnival at the Art Association Buildings, Phillips' Square. These paintings, which are amongst the best from ancient and modern schools, have been sent over the sea by permission of the Government of France. Over three hundred paintings are included and the exhibition will be held under the supervision of French specialists and a committee of Canadian artists. We understand that this collection is pretty much the same as that which attracted so much attention at the World's Fair at Chicago and St. Louis. It is a great opportunity for Canadians, interested in art, to see some of the finest treasures in the national museums of France.

* * *

OF all the states and provinces represented in the International Fish and Game Association which met in Toronto last week, Quebec is the only one that leases large tracts of wild country for private game and fish preserves. At the convention Mr. Kelly Evans, of Toronto, brought in resolution declaring against the plan of alienating the public domain, but the members voted it down, as they did at last year's meeting at Albany. Mr. Evans reminded those present that in the organization were many who belonged to clubs that had large private preserves in Quebec, so that they were not disinterested, and he said that he would keep on introducing his resolution until finally it would pass. The annual meetings of the Association are calculated to work much good in bringing the fish and game laws into harmony on both sides of the international boundary. One of the most interesting features of the convention this year was the dinner given them by Hon. Dr. Reaume.

* * *

THE other day—early in the fourth week of January—a number of golfers played over the links of the Lambton Golf and Country Club and telephoned their friends that they found the going excellent, and urged their acquaintances to get into the game. The only fault they had to find with the course was that the greens had not been taken care of—play not being expected—while that part of the course lying close to the river was a bit damp. Usually there is some smart golf at midwinter, when the ground is frozen hard and there is no snow. But of late there has been neither snow nor frost. In fact the management of the Country Club at Lambton are in receipt of many expressions of sympathy on account of the mildness of the Toronto climate. To please the young people the Governors of the Club decided to erect a toboggan slide this year and did the thing properly. For six weeks all has been ready but the weather. You cannot operate a toboggan slide without snow and frost, and so far this winter there has never been enough of either to get this slide going. Water was thrown on the incline in the hope that it would freeze, but it ran down the hill and froze at the bottom. Snow fell one night and postal cards were sent to all the members of the Club, but next day it rained and the fond dream of the Governors was off. Winter is more than half gone and Toronto has had no winter that any native of the country would recognize as such. On two nights the thermometer has dropped to zero, but has repented next day and fled upwards. There has been some skating, but scarcely enough snow to enable a school boy to throw a snowball without getting his ears cuffed for his wastefulness. It is all very well to talk about winter carnivals, but so far as Toronto is concerned we have not the climate for it, and the average man regrets it. Except for a day or two the dust has been blowing on the streets of Toronto all through January. It is too bad. Those whose cellars are stocked with coal would much rather have the frost and snow, the sunshine, the bracing air and the merry sound of the sleigh-bells.

* * *

ON this page appears a photograph showing some of the famous English bulldogs of the "Stone" family. This family is not unknown in Canada, as "Rodney Stone," imported by Richard Croker, of New York, and for which he paid $5,000, has a son, "Rodney Stone II.," in Hamilton. Lord Charles Beresford is interested in the breed, and "Some Time" having presented him with a litter of pups, he has sent a pup to each of the following battleships of the Channel Fleet: the Commonwealth, New Zealand, Dominion and Brittania. The following signal was made by the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet to the captains of the above-named vessels: "I have not yet named the bulldog pups, but I am calling them my Battleship Breed. The pedigree of these pups will be sent to ships' companies later, but the owner of the sire has refused £1,200 for him." The ship's companies are said to be very proud of the pups, and a correspondent in one of the ships writes, "Our pup, like Lord Charles, looks fit to fight anything."

THOUSAND POUND BULLDOG.

A photograph of the "Stone" breed of bulldogs bred by Mr. Jefferies, of London, England. These dogs are worth £1,000 apiece, and are regarded as the most valuable bulldog family in th world. Lord Charles Beresford, who owns a dog of this breed, has recently presented a puppy to each of several of his battleships.

"In the matter of tea," perhaps you think you are being served as well as you can be, but have you tasted "Salada" Tea? It's the purest and most delicious tea in the world. All grocers sell it.

A skeleton in the closet is better than two skeletons in the divorce court.—Life.

A Bad Day on the Links.

ONE afternon in mid-July, there
came upon the Links,
A jolly lot of doubtful sports, on mischief bent, methinks;
They were a supple, heartless crowd,
with heads as hard as steel,
And they had for their guest the "Colonel" to partake of the evening meal.

Now the "Driver" said to the "Colonel," "Will you please come
in to 'Tee'?
Then I'll drive you out o'er the fairest Course that ever you did
see."
But, alas for our good intentions:
the "Driver," so it is said,
Spent all that week with a very fast "Cleek," and the pace affected
his head.

So when they had "Teed" the "Colonel" (he was looking a little
pale),
He drove him out o'er rock and
scrub, and landed him in the
swale.
Then the "Colonel" eyed the "Driver"
with a look of stern reproach,
But the "Driver" said, "Please don't
blame me, it was all the fault
of the 'Coach'."

Now the "Lofter" came to the rescue, and meant just what he
said,
When he turned to the "Driver" and
fiercely cried, "Avaunt you
woodenhead."
So the "Niblick" drove with all his
might, till they pulled up in a
sty;
And the "Colonel" said, "Well, I'll
be d——!" Says "Brassey"
"That's no lie."

Then they held a consultation, to see
what should be done,
And the "Bulger" cried, "Why throw
him out!" says the "Putter,"
"Watch the fun."
Now the "Mashie" offered to drive
him Home, and drove him on
the "Green";
But the "Colonel" fled to the nearest woods, and since then has
not been seen.

CHARLES TEW.

Lindsay, January, 1909.

Case of Autophobia Cured.

THE fat man at the automobile show chuckled softly.

"Just thinking," he explained, "how human we are. Frinstance: Up to about three months ago y' ought to've heard me emit roaring noises out of my head about the outrageousness of automobiles and automobile drivers and things. Yessirree, I sure was of the opinion that automobiles were just as liable as not to be the ruin of this fair land of ours.

"I made a lot of noise on this subject, I sure did. I was about the busiest little noisemaker of the entire Ag'in Automobile Association. I just pawed the ground like a bull moose at horn shedding time every time I got on the subject of automobiles.

"'Life,' I used to bellow hoarsely—'life, human life, no longer is safe on the streets of this dadbinged automobile owned town. Those contraptions of the devil called automobiles are imperilling the lives of our wives and our children and our own lives—and that's what!

"'The drivers of the doggoned things have no regard for human life. They like to kill. They are in love with slaughter. They gloat over the destruction of the young, the weak, the old.

"'They mow us down with ruthless hilarity beneath the wheels of their Juggernaut cars, and we have no redress. They spout at us with their impudent horns, and if we don't get a crick in the back and a stitch in the kidneys hopping out of the way, why, we're ground into fertilizer, and we've no remedy.

"'Not only has it become dangerous in the extreme for one to walk on the streets but the streets themselves are permeated with the vilest imaginable stenches from the fuel employed to propel these devilish motor cars. Wherefore a stern law of repression is needed throughout the land.'

"Yep, that was me up to 'bout three months ago," went on the fat man, continuing to chuckle. "I was never so much in earnest about anything in my life either. Every time I saw an automobile I'd sort o' foam at the mouth and give other autophobic symtoms.

"Why, I'd stand right in the middle of the street and shake my fist at hurrying automobiles and their drivers, and the laughter of the drivers in these circumstances never failed to intensify my maniacal fury.

"Yep, and I wrote a hull heap of letters to the newspapers about the deadliness of automobiles in this man's town, and when by some accident one of these letters happened to be printed, why I went around and exhibited it to everybody I knew in order to let them see the high ground I had taken with reference to this, the worst evil of modern times.

"Ye-eh.

"But—

"Well, about three months ago I nailed a sure enough bargain, that's what I did. Friend o' mine who'd got himself into a hole by toying with the market had to part with his automobile instanter for cash on the nail and I got that car of hisn for little or no money.

"Danged fine machine too.

"Well, well, well!

"Y'ought to hear me converse now when I get good and warmed up on the subject of the relationship of automobiles and their drivers to the non-automobiling part of the public.

"Way I view the matter now there never was such a pack of blind, thick headed, lazy pinheads of pedestrians on the globe as those who walk the streets of this man's town.

"Trouble with 'em is that they're too doggy in the manger to get out of the way of motor cars. They don't own machines themselves; consequently they hate with a vitriolic hatred everybody that does own a car. It's a mean, ornery, contemptible kind of envy and jealousy on the part of people who don't own motor cars themselves. That's what it is and nothing else.

"Why they glare at the owners and drivers of automobiles as if such folks were public enemies! I've even seen some of 'em so far gone in unworthy envy that they would actually shake their fists at passing automobiles and their drivers.

"Positively, they have so little appreciation of this, the greatest invention of the age, that they actually sniff and turn up their noses when they see a man or woman in automobile attire.

"Worse than all that, they absolutely don't know how to walk. There ought to be a lot of night schools in this town to teach this clumsy, bone headed population how to cross a street.

"Blast it all! They appear to be too thick witted to comprehend the fact that owners of automobiles have got rights just as well as pedestrians, and these rights of motorists are going to be maintained, b'jee.

"That's me, now—y'ought to hear me when I get good and warmed up on the theme," concluded the chuckling fat man. "Human. all of us, ain't we?"—New York Sun.

MR. S. E. SANGSTER, of Ottawa.

Mr. Sangster edits under the name "Canuck" the Canadian department of The National Sportsman and is responsible for bringing large numbers of American sportsmen into Canada to fish and shoot.

COBALT AND GOWGANDA.

Leave Toronto 10.15 p.m., arrive Cobalt 11.19 a.m., arrive Englehart 12.45 p.m., arrive Charlton 2.05 p.m. Leave Charlton stage 2.45 p.m., arrive Elk City and Smyth same afternoon. Leave Elk City and Smyth next morning for Gowganda, 30 miles. This is the only regular route and will continue to be the best. Pullman sleeper through to Englehart. Full information at Grand Trunk City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

WEEK-END TRIPS.

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Nearly every family picks the wrong member for the fool.—Life.

Long faces make short lives.—Life.

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Dusk in the Barren Grounds.

THE hills lie black and low against
the west,
Far northward stretch the valleys
of the dead—
Here where Life weary grew and
sighed for rest,
And God put all His worn-out
world to bed.

For this the silence is where some
last word
Was whispered and earth's twilight
tale was told,
And Emptiness and Sorrow only
heard
The ghastly cry of ashen things
and old.

And through the pallid light three
dead pines crown
The plain that lies so like a yellowed page;
And wide and dark the blood-red sun
burns down
Beyond each iron hill that aches
with age.

—Arthur Stringer, in Everybody's.

BEST TRAINS TO NEW YORK.

From Toronto at 9.30 a.m., 3.45 p.m., 5.20 p.m., and 7.15 p.m. week-days, and at 5.20 p.m. on Sundays, Canadian Pacific trains afford by far the best service to New York. They travel by the N. Y. C. four-track route, the only line landing passengers in New York city. Through sleepers are carried on the 5.20 and 7.15 p.m. trains, and on all trains bright coaches, chair smoking cars and elegantly furnished diners.

If you find in your newspaper an article which appears, on examination, to be
A *tour de force* in esoterics,
A farrago of phrases designed to split the ears of the groundlings,
Verbosity veiling vacuity,
The chances are that there has been a Musical Performance of Some Importance, to which a Competent Critic has addressed himself.—Life.

Milly—Kitty got the prize for a Christmas dinner at our cooking class. Tilly—How proud she must be! What is it? Milly—A most useful book: "First Aid to the Injured."—Illustrated Bits.

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. James Lumbers and Geo. H. Gooderham, M.P.P.

The Boys That Were

Reflections by a Father on Seeing His Son go to School in the Rain.

A RAW drizzle was sifting down the other morning on my youngest boy—he's ten now was getting ready to start for school," remarked Mr. Portleigh (a New York Sun character), "and his father was on the job of course to see that the boy got the right kind of a start.

"'It's wet out this morning, son,' I said to him, 'and you must put on your rubbers.'

"So the kid put on his rubbers. That is to say, he permitted his mother to put 'em on for him.

"Then she helped him into his nice warm waterproof ulster with the nifty new fangled ulster belt and handed him his strapped parcel of books.

"Then the youngster strolled into the hall, took his pick of the umbrellas in the rack—and he took the best in the bunch, you'd better believe—and out he went, whistling—ready for any old kind of weather.

"Gosh-whittles, but that boy looked trig and comfortable! And it pleased me to see him that way, too. But as he trudged down the street, sort o' perky with the dead sure knowledge that things were breaking his way and that there weren't any problems outside of his school lessons for him to have to solve for a good many years to come—well, as he plodded along, I looked the shaver over and I couldn't help but think of the perfect snap that boy's got compared to what was ladled out to me when I was his age, out in the little old Western town where I lived.

"Now, the only overcoat that I ever draped myself with as a boy or that I ever put on before I began to buy overcoats for myself was like that one Simeon Ford used to tell about. That is to say, it was whittled down from my dad's old Army of the Potomac overcoat. It was a kind of heirloom in our family, and it sure was one holy show.

"Every boy that happened along in our family had to take his regular crack at wearing that overcoat, and the boy who showed a contumacious spirit over wearing it on account of the ridicule of his schoolmates, as shown by their hoots of 'Sojer!' and 'Coffee cooler!'—well, that boy had to go without any overcoat at all.

"And rubbers for a boy! Well, well, man alive, I'd like to 've seen the expressions on the faces of the old folks if any such a crazy suggestion had ever been made to them—rubbers for the feet of a boy going to school!

"We wore topboots. Sometimes they were boots approximately of the size of our feet, but not often. I don't remember ever having a pair of boots that were originally devised, designed and intended solely for my own personal wearing as a boy.

"As a rule the boots that I wore going to school were about four sizes too large for me, so that I sure had to be mighty wary, in walking in muddy and sticky paths, lest I pulled my feet right smack out of my boots and landed in the mire in my yarn stocking feet. I had that dismal thing happen to me several times before I achieved the necessary skill that finally enabled me to take chances even on wading in a duck pond without being in any danger of losing my boots.

"Overlarge as all of the boots were that came my way when I was a school kid, they were pretty hard to get into when they were frozen stiff during the cold weather. I used to try to utilize this fact as an excuse for remaining away from school on extremely cold days.

"I never managed to get away with that. There'd been a lot of boys in the family before I got along, you see, and my mother had all of those boy dodges so perfectly pat that I had no chance on earth to spring any new gags on her and win out with them.

"It's foolish, by the way, for a boy to permit himself to be born into a family in which a number of other boys have preceded him. He hasn't much of a chance in such a situation. The other fellows ahead of him have given his mother too much experience.

"Nope, I never managed to stay home from school on account of my boots being frozen. When I'd try to put that one over my mother'd say to me calmly and placidly:

"'I know your boots are frozen, son, but there's plenty of mutton tallow on the back of the kitchen stove.'

"I knew what that meant, of course. Meant that I'd have to grease my boots before going to bed that night.

"My mother'd put a lump of mutton tallow on the back of the kitchen stove. The receptacle for the tallow was usually the lid of an old tin shoe blacking box. Then she'd see to it that all of us boys placed our boots near the stove so's to thaw 'em out.

"After that we'd take turns dipping into the tallow receptacle with our fingers and then it 'd be a case of each boy using his elbow grease to get the kinks and dents and contrariness out of those boots. We'd have to rub and rub and rub-rub the tallow into the leather, our mother standing with her hands on her hips and a kindly, interested expression on her face, watching to see that we did the work well.

"Then we'd range the boots alongside the stove in a neat row so's to keep 'em sort of warm during the night and not permit the tallow to cake on them, and thus perforce we'd settle our chances of being able to crawl out of going to school on the following morning on account of frozen boots.

"And umbrellas! Well, sir, I just can't imagine a boy of my day and date, in the town where I lived, anyhow, going to school under the shelter of an umbrella. Why, he'd have attracted just as much attention that way as he would have if he'd gone to school on the back of a camel of the desert.

"Anyhow, there was only one umbrella in our family, and that was a huge, greenish, parachutish affair that looked suspiciously like it had been cribbed from a wagon—you know those big old time front seat of a wagon umbrellas—and that one umbrella was strictly sacred to the old folks. Us youngsters would as soon have thought of taking it out to school or anywhere else as taking the daguerreotype of our grandmother out in the rain.

"We just plugged along, sort o', and got wet and then dry again, and caught colds and then got over 'em again, best we could, and certainly as well as the grown up folks could afford.

"Here I am, at that, sound enough, and glad enough, too, to see my own youngster a-sailing along to school in his own size waterproof ulster and rubbers bought specially for him and any umbrella that he durn pleases to take out of the rack, and all like that.

"Only I can't help wishing that the self-satisfied little snoozer wouldn't take it all as such a dead open and shut matter of course."

LEADING MEMBERS OF THE THEATRICAL TRUST.

Canadians hear a great deal about the "Theatrical Trust"—the organization of New York managers who send out nearly all the stage offerings presented in this country as well as in the United States. This picture shows some of the leading members of the Trust. The photograph was taken at the annual dinner of the Association of Theatre Managers in New York the other night. The men, from left to right, are: Oscar Hammerstein, Abraham L. Erlanger, Charles Burnham, Mitchell L. Erlanger, Andreas Dippel, and Daniel Frohman.

Varsity on Duty.

THE Varsity, which, as was noted some time ago in these columns, is now a twice-a-week newspaper, contains in its latest issue this editorial trumpet call under a thrilling one-word caption—Duty:

The statement that every undergraduate of the University of Toronto is under certain definite obligations to the year in which he finds himself comes perhaps as somewhat of a shock to the more careless in the student body. Among many, and especially among those elements which are either too studious or too indolent to mingle with their fellows, specious sorts of reasoning prevail, fallacious, inimical to the University, product of minds too narrow for men who hope ever to become true college graduates.

The pedantic and pusillanimous plug looks upon his academic labors as the alpha and omega of a college education. His duty, he thinks, is to devote himself unceasingly to professorial tasks, professorial smiles and professorial blessings. These gentle reader, are in themselves good things. They are luxuries which the vulgar throng may never hope to taste; yet they are not the *summum bonum*, nor do they always bring eternal under-graduate felicity.

Our lazy and lassitudinous loafer is a very different sort of miscreant. In summer he usually sleeps by day along the banks of the Humber within easy distance of his camera, his cigarette and his canoe. By night we may find him at any of the local playhouses, probably at Shea's. In winter he adorns the bench at every hockey practice or takes especial delight in ye social snowshoe and ye ski.

Both these student specimens, found plentifully in every year, have, as a result, profound contempt for that essential part of undergraduate activity known as executive work. They seldom deign to serve on executives, are strangers to the Lit., and, saddest of all, often refuse, from their alleged lack of sympathy with class organization, to pay their fees. Perhaps this is the reason for so much of their logical inconsistency. The almighty dollar is a potent social factor. Who can venture to discover the devious paths of its influence?

There are, however, comparatively few who carry logic to such lengths. Much larger is the percentage of those who fail in other duties toward their class.

In debating, in committee work, in all branches of non-academic activity which require expenditure of time, there is the greatest dearth of willing material. As a result, the willing few are victimized by the unwilling many, who, from motives selfish or otherwise, refuse to perform their duty to their class and to their University. It is a deplorable condition that the populous University of Toronto should find difficulty at any time in securing undergraduate representatives to win her laurels. If, as is often the case, efficient members refuse, through selfish motives, to bear some share in executive burdens, they should, but with compunction, voice that noble title Alma Mater. If, however, through defect of years, they lack ability and must perforce be slaves to memory only, surely a preparatory school, not a University, is their proper playground.

You.

I WEAR the stars like lilies in my hair,
I feel the breeze like God's breath on my face
Whispering an unknown word—and everywhere
I see the vision of a love-lit face.

So strange it seems! A little while ago
I knew not any of these lovely things;
To all my dreams the demons answered no,
Darkening the daylight with their evil wings.

Tell me, Beloved, who are learned and wise.
Why do you hold all beauty in your hand,
And all the host of heaven in your eyes,
And in your hours the moons of fairyland?

You pass my threshold, and the narrow room
Is peopled with a million forms of air,
The barren boughs of faith are all a-bloom,
And I am mute with wonder and with prayer.

—Elsa Barker in The Smart Set.

Manager—Hurry up or you'll miss the train. Actress—I can't find my diamonds nor my pocketbook. Manager—Let 'em go. Actress—But my pocketbook had nearly seven dollars in it.—Exchange.

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Black and white striped silk makes a startlingly handsome Empire gown for a slender willowy figure. Four piece skirt with stripes running transverse; tiny yoke and part sleeves of white net; broad black silk strapping and large black buttons finish a *distingue* gown. $25.

An effective satin gown in an elusive blue-green tone is fashioned in high waisted style, the bodice of chiffon beautifully self embroidered in silk. Long shirred sleeves finished from shoulder to wrist with large satin buttons. $42.

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The old man and the old woman were fellow passengers in a stage-coach in the Virginia mountains, and the old woman kept staring at him as if trying to remember. At last she said: "Stranger, 'pears to me I seen you somewhar." The old man eyed her reflectively and scratched his head. "Spec you have," said he. "Ah been thar."—Argonaut.

"When I grow up and marry, mother, will I have a husband like papa?" asked Mary.

"I hope so, dear," said mother.

"And if I don't marry, will I be like Aunt Sue?"

"I hope so."

"Dracious!" said Mary, as she turned away, "what a fix I'm in!"—Delineator.

"Young man," said a father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter."

"Why—er—really," stammered the young man, "I had hoped to marry her some——"

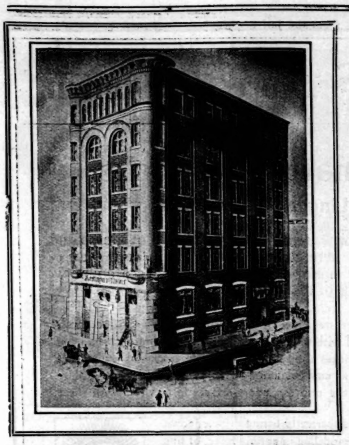
"Exactly; and I'd like you to marry her, but if you are too attentive to her you won't have money enough to do it."—Exchange.

"John. Professor Metchnikoff says people could live to be 150 years of age." "Well?" "Well, wouldn't you like to live that long?" "I used to think I would before I was married."—Houston Post.

"What is the difference between valor and discretion?" "Well, to go through Europe without tipping would be valor." "I see." "And to come back by a different route would be discretion."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Do you regard Bliggins as a man of great depth?" "No," answered Miss Cayenne; "his conversation is hard to follow. But his is one of the natures that avoid seeming shallow by being opaque."—Washington Star.

"You're lookin' fine, Weary? Ain't you cold?" "Nope. I slep' in a garage las' night an' drank a gallon of anti-freeze mixture." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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Points About People

The Late H. C. Hammond.

THE newspapers of Toronto have never spoken in terms of higher praise of any citizen who has passed away than they have this week of the late H. C. Hammond. He was a man whose good works and good sense commanded the respect and confidence of all who met him. He never talked cant and had a lively contempt for the language of goodness, which it is so easy for one to learn to speak. As a business associate said of him to an interviewer, "he had a high sense of the responsibilities of trusteeship," and when the reader pauses to consider this quality in a man he will probably reach the conclusion that it is much too rare in North America. The high opinion in which SATURDAY NIGHT held Mr. Hammond was frankly expressed on the front page a few months ago, on learning that he had received from his physicians news that he could live but a short time. He received the verdict in his own way. He was in Winnipeg at the time. Being troubled with a sore throat he dropped in on a specialist, who at once discovered that Mr. Hammond was affected with malignant cancer and told him so. At most he had but six months to live. "Then," he said, "I must do the best with the time I have left." He had invited a number of friends to dine with him that night, and entertained them as he so well knew how to do, nobody suspecting that the cheerful host had that day received his death-warrant and had before him months of acute suffering. He arranged his affairs quietly, and the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives, which he had founded and done much, being in need of money, he published an appeal asking for $50,000 to put that institution on a more efficient basis. His friends everywhere responded and the money was soon raised.

THE LATE H. C. HAMMOND

A Generous Artifice.

A CHARACTERISTIC action of the late Mr. Hammond occurred some two or three years ago when he first actively took up the cause of the Free Hospital for Consumptives. Subscriptions were not coming in very fast, and one Sunday night he paid a visit to the city editors of the morning newspapers with a suggestion. He wished to give $10,000 to the fund for the hospital, but at the same time he wished to conceal the fact that he was doing so because he thought it would arouse more public attention and stimulate subscriptions in a greater degree if it appeared that a larger number of persons had subscribed the sum in various amounts. He had therefore figured out a list of subscriptions ranging from $10 to $1,000, reading something like "J. S. $15," "Sympathizer $500," and so on. He offered to pay for the insertion of this list, if necessary, but only one newspaper, and that one very far from being the poorest in Toronto, would accept his money. Thus the public read of the sudden access of funds to the philanthropic institution and never for one moment suspected that the supposedly numerous donations were in reality one modest man's contributions to get the fund going.

The manner in which he took hold of the E. F. Clarke memorial fund and pushed it through to an adequate figure is also a matter of record, and owing to his great popularity it became truly non-partizan in its character.

The Late Archbishop Sweatman.

AMONG the many tributes of the late Archbishop Sweatman but little attention has been paid to his genuine power as a presiding officer at the sessions of the Anglican Synod. He had a quiet force in handling a heated and unruly assembly and a gift for facilitating business that the person who only knew him privately would never have suspected. As is well-kown, his demeanor in private life was that of a man of mild and simple disposition. But when his biography is scanned it will be noted that almost from early manhood he had been accustomed to the exercise of authority, as many an indiscreet member has had reason to find out. It is common knowledge that the Synod contains among its usual membership, in addition to the clerical delegates, some of the very ablest members of the legal profession, as well as other men prominent in public affairs. It was in his manner of handling eminent counsel that even judges of the high court are a little bit afraid of that His Lordship showed his real power as a presiding officer. One has seen him suddenly rise from his chair where he used to sit in his robes and in quiet, even tones rebuke a member who had given away to an expression in a manner that made the culprit feel like a whipped schoolboy, and yet made him feel also that the Bishop was right. He positively would not tolerate any expression which seemed to him un-Christian, and if a heated delegate did not subside at once, His Lordship's quiet but firm "Sit down Sir" would reduce him to silence.

On one occasion a delegate started to rant about hotel-keepers and had not proceeded for more than a moment when the Bishop was heard, ordering him to be silent and expressing sorrow that such expressions should be heard in any assemblage professing to sit under the blessing of Christ. He went on to say that in the diocese he knew many members of hotel-keepers' families who were members of the church, and that so long as he presided over the Synod no expression calculated to offend any member of the Church would be tolerated.

Dr. Sweatman was a man of very tolerant views and feared greatly the evil effects on the young, who were his first thought always, of a too severe and puritanical code. He was frankly in favor of Sunday street cars from the day that they were first proposed, but when a petition was taken to him in the hope that he would sign it, he replied simply that while the movement had his best wishes for success he realized that a public declaration on his part would give pain to many of his pastorate who held different views.

He was a man seemingly predestined for high honors, for throughout his life distinction after distinction came to him entirely unsought and practically against his will. In the very difficult task that fell to him it was this quality of moderation in him, his appreciation of the feelings of others no matter how much he might differ from them in opinion, that enabled him to do the great unifying work he accomplished for his Church.

Humor in the Schools.

SOME grown-ups seem to think, that is, if they do think, that children are incapable of a reasoning process of their own.

A couple of recent stories of Ryerson and Church street schools would indicate that such adults are wrong. It so happened that in the first book divisions of these two schools the same historic story was being related for the pupils' benefit.

At the Ryerson school, the teacher had told of King Alfred's flight from the Danes, accompanied by his servant. When this stage was reached, the scholars were asked for their version of this true tale.

"Well," said one, "King Alfred, he got scared of the Danes, and ran away with the hired girl."

At the Church street school the woes and ways of the wise monarch had reached a more advanced period. "Alfred visited the camp of the Danes in the guise of a minstrel," said the teacher. "He obtained information as to the strength of the enemy, ascertained how best to attack his country's despoilers, and then stole away. He gathered his followers around him, and routed the Danes. Now, children, what do you think of that?"

A boy answered: "I think it was a skin game, teacher," he said.

Here's a story of the old Phoebe street school, now known as the Ogden school.

A certain boy gave every indication of a careless mother. His face and soap and water were utter strangers, or almost so. In short, he was offensive to the other youngsters. The teacher was reluctant to hurt the mother's feelings, but, eventually, she wrote to the woman, delicately referring to the little chap's condition of neglect.

The mother lost no time in replying. Her writing was not in a refined Italian hand, but it was legible, and the English, while not without blemish, did not obscure the writer's meaning:

"My boy is not a rose. I don't want you to smell him. I want you to learn him."

Wm. Sloan's Exciting Nomination.

IN Mr. William Sloan, familiarly known as "Bill" Sloan, who resigned his seat in Comox-Atlin to oblige Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Templeman, the House of Commons has lost one of its giants (physical, not political) and a highly popular member. Standing well over six feet, Bill has the physique of a Life Guardsman and a muscular strength capable of prodigious feats. As prospector, miner, and lumberman, he has roughed it with the best, and encountered adventures innumerable. But, as he himself says, none of his wild west experiences was half so exciting as an incident which occurred during the last election.

Comox-Atlin is one of the largest, if not the largest, constituency in the Dominion, having an area several times greater than New Brunswick, while the facilities for travelling are by no means the best. A campaign, therefore, is both an arduous and expensive business. Before the elections drew near, Bill entertained hopes that he would be saved the trouble and expense of a contest, but in this he was doomed to disappointment, the Conservatives putting up a candidate who seemed determined to give the sitting member a run for his money. As the campaign progressed, however, Bill's opponent began to lose courage and when nomination day arrived the story got wind that he was a quitter.

Both candidates were present at the nomination meeting, and the excitement was intense. It became known that the Conservative candidate had his nomination papers in his pocket, but that he was of two minds as to putting them in. Slowly the time dragged along and still he made no move. Occasionally, when an exuberant Liberal was disposed to assume that Bill Sloan was as good as elected, the Conservative would significantly place a hand in his pocket where the papers lay, and then the Liberals trembled. It was, as Bill put it, as if the sword of Damocles was held over his head.

The climax came within a few minutes of the hour fixed for the closing of nominations. The Conservative was still waiting and watching. Bill Sloan sat with his watch in his hand counting the seconds as they passed Suddenly the tension was broken by a shout:

"A thousand dollars that Bill Sloan is elected by acclamation!"

It came from a miner who, unable to restrain his enthusiasm, was prepared to back the favorite with all he was worth. And it still wanted three minutes to the closing hour!

There was some sulphurous language around that room for a few moments, while the over zealous miner was roughly ejected. And then everybody turned to the Conservative candidate expecting to see him close with the challenge. Slowly he rose to his feet, his hand once more sought his pocket, and then—he sat down. The struggle was over, and a minute later Bill Sloan was declared elected by acclamation.

"I never had such a close shave all my life," he says.

Making the Rounds in New York.

A GOOD story is going the rounds of a Toronto man of sporty tastes and ample means to indulge them. He was in New York last week, and one morning about four o'clock he wakened the manager of his hotel with a telephonic request for more funds, he having run short of cash while buying wine at a Broadway cafe.

The next evening he announced his intention of not coming home until morning, but his friends around the hotel one after the other declined his invitation to a personally conducted tour of all-night bars. They realized, however, that it was not safe to let him go alone, so a council of war was held with the hotel manager.

It was decided that in order to safeguard the Toronto man against being robbed, arrested or otherwise coming to grief, one of the house detectives a steady, reliable man who had undertaken such tasks before, should for the modest sum of $5 act as guide and protector. Then the Toronto man sallied forth, with the parting injunction that under no circumstances was he to again disturb the hotel manager's slumbers.

At five o'clock, however, the manager's bedroom telephone rang, and that drowsy individual on answering heard the obviously alcoholic but still intelligible tones of his Toronto guest announcing that he was in trouble.

"Say, what's the matter with you, Blank?" said the exasperated hotel man. "Didn't I send that house officer to take care of you?"

"Yesh, you did," came the answer. "That'sh the trouble. I want you to shend me another housh offisher right away, because thish one is shpeechleshly drunk, and I want to go 'long to the next plashe."

John A. as "M. Johnny."

SUCH is fame! A meeting of newspaper men was held in Montreal last week, and, according to La Patrie, one of the gentlemen present was "M. Johnny Cooper, du Canadian Collier, de Toronto." The visitor was Mr. John A. Cooper in The Canadian Courier.

Catholic Colonization Scheme.

WITH centuries of experience in pioneering, with a record as missionaries almost unexcelled, with an organization unequalled by any sect, society, or corporation, the Roman Catholics of Canada are setting themselves to the task of colonizing the timbered region of Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario. At the head of this great enterprise, which means the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars almost immediately, and millions in time, is the new apostolic vicar of Temiskaming, Bishop E. A. Latulipe. This pioneer has often been called the "Bishop of Colonization." He has been in Montreal recently conferring with those above and below him in the church, and with railway and transportation companies, and making other preliminary arrangements for the establishment of headquarters and for the opening of a colonization bureau at No. 58 Notre Dame street east in the city of Montreal. He has selected the Rev. Eugene Corbeil, cure of La Tuque as colonization missionary. The Rev. Cure Corbeil is very popular with his people, is enthusiastic, energetic and competent. The Bishop has also invited Dr. Brisson of the Colonization Society of Montreal to assist in the settlement of land adjacent to the lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Temiskaming and Northern Ontario. Here, near the height of land and running away west, along the line of the G.T.P., lies a rich clay belt fifty miles wide and some three or four hundred miles long, and in this district where splendid wheat has already been grown in a few cleared fields, it will be the aim of the colonizers to establish many settlements of farmers.

Already Bishop Latulipe has planted a cross near Ville Marie west of Quebec. This is a sort of foundation stone, a land mark, so to speak, a guide post; for here at La Tuque is the gateway to the new region to be peopled by these priests and their followers. By La Tuque from the east, by the T. & N. O. and Cobalt from the south will the future settlers enter this promised land. The French belong to the bush tribes just as the Crees differ from the plain Indians. They settle in the forest and clear their own homes, while the English, Canadian and American settler prefers the open cleared fields where they can go to work growing wheat without having to clear the land. The habitant inherits a contented mind. With a little home, a hearth and fireside, surrounded by his growing family, a team, some cattle and a few pigs, he will live happy ever after, and bring up his family to be contented in that little world, within which their lines have fallen.

For years, in common with other Canadians, French Canadians have been drifting over the border, and this is not desirable. It will be the aim of Bishop Latulipe and his army of assistants not only to hold what they have, but to beckon those who have wandered away back over the border. They have been working at this scheme for some years, and now the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific gives them their opportunity. It opens a new empire in the north land, a country with a climate with which the French-Canadians are well acquainted, and of which they are not afraid. The timber wealth alone of this great territory is more than worth going after, not to mention the agricultural possibilities. These and the undeveloped but known mineral resources are the lure that leads them on. The territory under the jurisdiction of Bishop Latulipe is six hundred miles wide by eight hundred miles long, extending from the limits of the diocese of Lake St. John in the east towards those of the diocese of St. Boniface in the west, reaching up north to James Bay and south to Cobalt, from the Laurentian mountains and streams of Quebec to the wheat lands of Manitoba—this is the region towards which this modern Moses will lead his people out of the wilderness of New England. The development of Cobalt and other mining regions will create a home market for all the products of the new made fields along the line of the Transcontinental Railway.

Bishop Latulipe is devoted to his country, is a calm soul, but possessing much energy and patience. He will make this his life work. It is hardly necessary to add that the Bishop counts very much on the assistance of his colleagues in the episcopacy, who are animated with deep sympathy for him and his work. Indeed, this is to be a new era, a patriotic crusade. "Canada for Canadians—colonize our own country with our own people." This will be the battle cry of the new army of empire builders.

The Oldest R. A.

SURROUNDED by his sons and daughters, Mr. William Frith, the oldest living Royal Academician, the painter of the famous "Derby Day," and the last link with the Victorian Art world, celebrated his ninetieth birthday a week ago. Last year, it will be recalled, he was summoned by the King to Buckingham Palace, where he was invested by His Majesty with the insignia of a Commander of the Victorian Order, and astonished the members of his family by walking part of the way from his villa in St. John's Wood, says a writer in The London Daily News. Continuing, his interviewer says:

"Ninety years have made little difference to Mr. Frith's extraordinary gifts as a *raconteur*. As he sat by the fire wondering what new blessings his ninetieth birthday would bring him, I was struck first of all by the remarkable vigour with which he bore his years, and secondly by the wonderful clearness of his memory. He had a story to tell of every picture that hung on the walls in his cosy little room.

"'No one is more surprised at the state of my health than myself,' he said, puffing at his evening cigar. "Pon my word, I never felt better in my life. I smoke, and write, and read just as I used to, and when the light is good I paint. I don't tackle new subjects; I content myself with recollections of my old days, such as reproducing with my own brush groups out of 'Ramsgate Sands' and other pictures. But I'm afraid I shall have to give it up soon.'"

The New Head of Harvard.

PROFESSOR ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL, who has been appointed President of Harvard University in succession to "the most cultured man in America," the veteran Dr. Eliot, says that he considers his new office "the most influential in the United States." General satisfaction is expressed throughout the Republic with his election. Professor Lowell's career is sketched as follows by The New York Sun:

Abbott Lawrence Lowell was born in Boston on December 13, 1856, and was graduated from Harvard in 1877. He then took a law course, receiving his degree from Harvard Law School in 1880.

He is primarily a Bostonian, being descended from two of the leading merchants of that city half a century ago. His father was Augustus Lowell, who, having acquired wealth in the cotton industry, founded the famous lecture institute in Boston which bears his name. His maternal grandfather was Abbott Lawrence, who was a pioneer in the textile industry in Massachusetts.

Abbott Lawrence Lowell was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1880, and became a partner of his cousin, Francis C. Lowell, now a Judge of the United States Circuit Court. For seventeen years the practice of law demanded the greater part of his attention, but he continued to pursue his favorite study of comparative government. Several books on government and on politics in Continental Europe, published during this time, gave him high standing as an authority on the science of government, and in 1897 he was called to be lecturer in that department at Harvard.

Three years later, on the establishment of the Eaton Professorship of the Science of Government, founded by the late Dorman B. Eaton, of New York, Lowell was appointed to that chair. The course soon proved unusually attractive, and Professor Lowell had large classes every year.

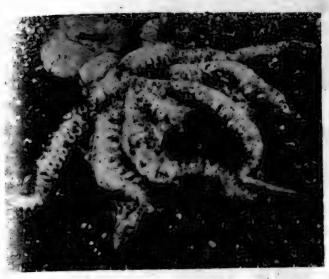
In the last year he has published a work on "The Government of England," which has attracted wide attention and brought to him the honor of election as president of the American Political Science Association in succession to Ambassador Bryce, whose "American Commonwealth" brought him the same distinction.

1909 is a year of anniversaries. Here is a list of them: Jan. 2, Birthday of Wolfe (150th anniversary of his death, Sept. 13); Jan. 15, 150th anniversary of the founding of the British Museum; Jan. 16, 100th anniversary of the battle of Corunna and death of Sir John Moore; Jan. 19, Edgar Allan Poe, centenary; Feb. 3, Mendelssohn, centenary; Feb. 12, Darwin, centenary; Feb. 12, Abraham Lincoln, centenary; March 31, Fitzgerald, centenary; July 5-6, Battle of Wagram (1809); July 10, 400th anniversary of birth of John Calvin; July 15, Centenary of Proudhon, the famous Economist and Socialist; July 27-28, Battle of Talavera (1809); July 28, John Stuart Blackie, centenary; Aug. 5, Kinglake, centenary; Aug. 6, Tennyson, centenary; Aug. 29, Oliver Wendell Holmes, centenary; Sept. 11, Battle of Malplaquet, bi-centenary; Sept. 18, Samuel Johnson, bi-centenary; Nov. 30, Mark Lemon (first editor of Punch, centenary; Dec. 29, Gladstone, centenary; Discovery of the Hudson River in 1609; Discovery of Lake Champlain in 1609; Centenary of the "Quarterly Review."

AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH AN OCTOPUS

A CAMERA STUDY OF THE DEVIL FISH

By Bonnycastle Dale

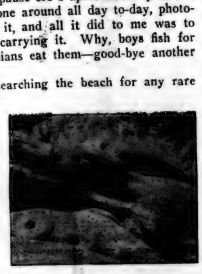


A Knife Laid on the Pouch Gives an Idea of the Size of the Octopus.

The Black Spot is the Mouth, with Parrot-like Bill.

THERE is a little cove at the head of one of the numerous bays that indent this western coast—a shallow bay, a mere mass of clam beach and mud when the tide is out, a favorite haunt of the ducks and shore birds. But beneath its waters swims a thing usually dreaded by the readers of papers and magazines—that fearful marine monster, the Devil Fish. Have you not read how it has sucked down to its awful chambers men from fishing boats? One author tells of how it dragged down the very boat itself. It has been a thing to frighten our children for ages. Yet—I must pause ere I upset so hoary an old fraud—well, I carried one around all day to-day, photographing and studying it, and all it did to me was to nearly break my back carrying it. Why, boys fish for them out here, the Indians eat them—good-bye another nature-study horror.

Fritz and I were searching the beach for any rare object the waters of Puget Sound might have cast up. We had just turned into this tiny cove; the tide was out and all the mudflats were exposed. Right ahead of us lay a large red object, sprawling on the mud. If I had had a landing net large enough, I could have caught Fritz nicely. He leaped like a stricken deer. "Look at it! Look at it!" he yelled.



The Eye of the Devilfish.

I was, and I reminded him of the fact. It certainly was a most repulsive looking object at first sight—a real Octopus; O Punclatus of the Pacific Coast, known to grow to a size of twenty-eight feet across the extended tentacles—and not a well established record of its having intentionally attacked a human being. Why, the Chinese let down big earthen jars, and these curious wabbly creatures creep in and are readily hauled up.

There it lay in all its grisly horror, trembling and twitching all over its reddish, muscular, semi-transparent-at-the-edges body; perfectly helpless once its native element had receded and left it stranded.

We promptly started to photograph it. It was a heavy chap, weighing thirty-six pounds, and shaded from a dusky red to a shrimp pink, and mottled all over the body and long tentacles with black and white veined squares and irregular patches. One main tentacle was bitten off. Evidently a small whale, or a shark had made a close miscalculation. Each of the eight arms stretched four feet six inches, and was covered beneath with a double row of valves, whose cup-like openings cling fast to anything the octopus comes in contact with. There were about two hundred of these to each arm or tentacle, running in size from a twenty-five cent piece to a pin's head. Fritz lost his dread and straightened out an arm at this moment, and, of course, all the suckers closed on his hand, and he jumped away with a yell that would have been creditable in an ancient attack on the Potlach house of the Siawashes adjacent.

The octopus bore a slightly fishy smell, and left much slimy deposit on my hands as I arranged it. I, too, had lost my magazine-born dread. Behind the arms stretched the big, swollen, pouch-like body, surrounded with a waving fan-like fringe. This is very sensitive. The neck was covered with wart-like projections. Then we turned the squirming thing over on its back, and all the suckers of the tentacles were disclosed in their pink and white coloring—rather dainty this part is. The pouch was nearly twenty inches across, about fifteen long and very thick. Close up to the neck is a strange double opening—a pair of huge valves, joined into one. From this, when the animal wishes to discolor the water and—magazines say, hide from its enemies—pours a flood of sepia-colored fluid. This last part is right, as I stained my hands often while examining the strange thing. It sent out quantities of this dark brown fluid—the sepia of commerce.

Fritz has no Fear of the "Horrid Creature."

Fritz and I sat beside this odd find and watched its various motions. The creature exudes all foreign matter that gets into the valves or suckers. Occasionally it opens its great eyes, which are in the neck, between the pouch and the arms—bright, clear-black crescent pupils in a red dotted eyeball. It almost reminded me of a snake's eye, and had something unusually repellent about it—it was such a clear, peaceful looking thing in so horrid a body. Below and between the arms, in a tiny, tightly closed orifice, lurks the sharp, black, parrot-like jaw, that can tear and rend the prey of this lurking thing. It readily seizes and opens clams, crabs, etc., as bushels of the opened shells will be found near where one hides. They call this the nest of the octopus. We finally made the fish grasp a stick. The jaw was brilliant black, fully as large as any parrot's jaw I ever saw, and had a most tenacious hold.

From all the fishermen that I have met out here, I have gathered that this is a most timorous creature, too shy and timid to be the bogey it has been. Wait until the nature study writers, whose animals talk, get hold of this submarine creature. Imagine it conversing with its mate as to its taste for white man, Indian or John Chinaman. Here is a virgin field for this work that is upsetting the minds of children as to the habits of the wild things of the fields and the waters. They say its feed is mainly crabs and molluscs, taken while resting in nearly horizontal position, with half closed eyes, with the outer edges of its arms curled like a harmless root. It swims well, backwards, using two large valves as siphons, as well as the webs of the pouch, the webs closing energetically with the ejection of the water. It is probably nocturnal; its eggs are laid in black, egg-like capsules and attached to many small marine objects, laid in the warm weather, so far as observations can guide us.

It is claimed, and I think correctly, that a bite from this powerful bill will allow the octopus to cling to or detach a piece from any of the things it preys upon. The creatures seem to have a fatal curiosity for a line and bait jigged up and down, and no matter how large a one seizes the bait, it will eventually release its hold below in response to a long pull.

Fritz laid a weight on the back of this brilliantly marked one, the pouch rose up like a great reddish-brown football, a perfect mass of muscle. In fact, wherever one would grasp arm, or pouch or connecting webs, would be found this same slowly swelling, strong muscle. All the glands or suckers when fully attached, become as hard as marbles, but I found that by hard pulling I could rip an entire arm loose from its well-taken hold, but it took a good strong pull to do it.

One Tentacle Removed by Some Creature that Considers Devil Fish a Delicacy.

Wandering along the wild shores of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, scrambling over huge rocks, I will admit it is not a pleasant sensation to jump down onto one of these squashy creatures; they look so much like a great clump of starfish, and these latter are such beautiful things. I also know that very large ones are almost impossible to dislodge from their hold, when firmly settled onto the rocks above low tide. In fact, so hard are they to move, when of this great size that I know of a fisherman resorting to a small blast of dynamite to loosen a particularly resistive fellow.

Fritz sped away to a nearby Indian shack, and almost instantly he returned, followed by the klooch-man, as they call the squaws out here. Down squatted this lump of silence, there were two or three quick flashes of a knife, an arm departed from the devil fish at each stroke, and away she went with her skirt filled with yet writhing tentacles. They boil this flesh and esteem it greatly. The Chinese buy it readily, the Japs also, and to-day I met a white man who boasted openly of having eaten it and greatly liking it; they say the flesh is white and tender, and good tasting. But I shall take their word for it, as I cannot persuade Fritz—in the interest of science always—to try just a few mouthfuls and tell me what it tastes like. The face he made at this suggestion drove away the memory of that klooch-man.

It is strange that this fish cannot survive in fresh water. It can live exposed from tide to tide, a matter of twelve hours, but it soon perishes in a fresh water creek, in the opinion of the fishermen of this Sound, as many are found dead in the mouths of the little streams away from the salt water. One thing we noticed—no matter how often we turned the big chap on his back—for nine feet across is a fair sized octopus—it instantly started a muscular constriction that promptly landed it right side up. Some of its evolutions were ghastly in the extreme; no wonder old writers made it such a fearsome thing. I candidly admit it is the most horrid-looking bird, beast, or reptile, fish, or creeping thing, the lad and I have ever handled—but not the devil fish of the magazines.

Thomas F. Ryan, the financier, finds his health broken down at fifty-seven, and will practically retire to attempt to live the simple life.

Heney, the 'Frisco Graft Fighter

FRANCIS J. HENEY, who has been conducting the sensational prosecution of the San Francisco grafters and who was shot one day recently in court, but recovered, was born of an Irish father and a German mother, and he breathed his first breath in Lima, N.Y., in 1859, on St. Patrick's Day in the morning—"as though," says Alfred Henry Lewis, "his mother would pay his Irish father a compliment!" When he was but four years of age the family moved to San Francisco, and Heney prides himself on being not a native New Yorker but a San Francisco Californian. He was brought up as a boy "south of Market Street," which was a tough district, where a boy had to fight or stay at home most of the time.

When he had obtained the liberal education of the grammar school, says Current Literature, his father concluded that he had had enough learning, and put him to work in a furniture store. But there was even then in the boy's mind the right kind of a dominating motive. He was determined, in spite of his father's opposition, to go to college. He went to a night school to prepare for college, and his teachers became so interested that they helped him out of school hours, and in four months entered him in the class of '79 of the state university. His father still refused to let the boy go, and, disappointed and for a time hopeless, young Heney took a course of carousing that came near ruining his life. In spite of this first break, he soon recovered his nerve, passed a teacher's examination, and took a school. By 1882 he had saved up enough money to enable him to go to college without his father's help. But he was "fired" in his first year. He had joined a sporty fraternity, and was referred to, in a college paper, as an example of the demoralizing influence exerted by secret societies. Then he went to mining, and, a little later, almost before he knew it, he found himself practising law. He was left temporarily in charge of a law office in Chalice by a lawyer who had been elected to the legislature. The story is told by Lincoln Steffens—to whom is due the credit for the facts that form the basis of most of this article—in The American Magazine:

"It was a murder case. Three 'tin horn' gamblers had a row with a fourth, who was killed. Since the only lawyer left in town was prosecuting attorney, the defence had to retain 'the boy,' Heney. Court met by day in the back room of the leading saloon, where at night the town gambled. The judge sat at the faro table, feeling ran high, but all went well till it came to the argument. Heney's nerve failed him. He was only twenty years old, and he declared that he couldn't make a speech. But his clients—the whole sporting population—insisted on having 'everything that belonged to a trial,' so they took the boy up to the bar and 'threw drinks into him' till he was in a mood for anything. And so he began his argument. As he proceeded, the prosecuting attorney interjected some abusive remarks. Heney paused, looking to the judge to protect him. But the judge was silent. The room was packed and the crowd moved uneasily, but Heney proceeded till again the prosecuting attorney interrupted, and this time he used 'fighting language.' Heney picked up his chair, and, swinging it over his head, he exclaimed:

"'If the court won't protect me, I will protect myself.'"

Instead, however, of braining the other lawyer, Heney dropped the chair, saying: "Your old gray hairs protect you." That made the other lawyer too mad for self-control, and the judge fined them both. Heney's fine was paid on the spot by the crowd, the prosecuting attorney resigned in a huff, and Heney won this his first case.

Then he became a cowboy. His brother, Ben, had a ranch which was being managed by a grafting partner. Heney drove away the grafter and took charge himself. Then, at the age of thirty, he went to Tucson determined to become a real lawyer. One of the first things he found out there was that the grafter he had driven from Fort Apache was a candidate for county treasurer. Young Heney went into politics at once, and he soon found that he who fights political graft has a long, long fight on his hands. He was not a typical reformer. He still drank and gambled. But he was honest and he was courageous, and, being a fighter by instinct and training, he entered upon the contest that has carried him on to national fame.

Heney has lived a rough life, fighting, drinking—once at least he killed a man—but he has reformed as well as becoming a reformer. To Canadians his career as a law practitioner is a queer one, and the graft he is uncovering in San Francisco municipal affairs is astounding. Canadian and American law and law-breaking are very dissimilar.

The Tennessee Night-Riders.

CURRENT LITERATURE, New York, says:

One can hardly believe, in reading the accounts of the night-rider trials in Tennessee, that the story is one of real life to-day instead of a melodrama of the Middle Ages. Yet the story, in its essential features, is a common enough one in modern civilization. The veneer which has, after many centuries, been spread over our primitive and barbaric instincts is very thin, even at the best; and it frequently takes but a generation or so of ignorance, poverty and isolation to wear it away to the vanishing point. The revelations of the Moyer-Haywood trial in Idaho, the development of the "Black Hand" crimes in the heart of New York City, and the tales of the night-riders in Kentucky, Tennessee, and some other Southern states emphasize anew the necessity of a constant struggle to keep violence in check in the United States. According to the statistics gathered by The Chicago Tribune, the number of homicides in this country last year, not counting the lynchings, reached the appalling total of 8,953, or *one for every hour of the year.* The profession of highway robbery seems to be a thriving one, as 712 of the murders were committed by highwaymen. The night-riders of Tennessee seem, therefore, to form but one part of a homicidal wave that has been rapidly growing to alarming proportions. No other country in the world shows anything like as large a number of murders as this country shows.

The scenes in Union City, Tennessee, where the trials for the Reelfoot Lake outrages came to a dramatic climax last month in the sentencing of six men to death and of two others to twenty years' imprisonment, make the most dramatic scenes of John Fox Jr.'s recent novel look rather pale and drab by contrast. Several of the night-riders turned state's evidence and the names of practically all the members of the band were given. Surrounded by a detail of six armed soldiers, Fehringer, one of the riders who told all he knew, was escorted from the jail to the court-room, and, at the door of the latter, four other soldiers with drawn revolvers took him in charge, while four armed deputies cleared a way to the witness-stand. Fehringer told of the signals that were adopted, the kind of masks that were used and the oath administered to each new member. Here is the oath:

"You do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses that you desire to become a night-rider; that you will not write, talk, or tell to any one of the secrets of this order of night-riders; that if you do talk, write, or tell to any person any of the secrets of the order, we are permitted to do with you as we see fit. You know death, hell, and destruction will be your portion, and that your body will not be buried in a graveyard. Do you willingly and freely submit to all this, so help you God?"

When a night-rider approached a place of meeting he was to give two long whistles and one short one. The sentry replied in the same way, and then called out, "Who comes there?" The reply was: "The seven wonders." The sentry said, "I wonder," and admitted the newcomer. It sounds, at this distance, very childishly melodramatic, but the testimony of witness after witness gave to it all the aspect of a real tragedy.

As in the case of the Ku Klux Klan, the White Caps, and other similar bodies, the purposes of organization, in the beginning, were not distinctly criminal. But as with all secret bands of regulators, the process of degeneration has been rapid, the boldest and most unrestrained members speedily obtaining the mastery, and the more scrupulous being terrorized into the commission of darker and darker deeds. In the Reelfoot Lake region, the band of men formed to defend the supposed rights of the community to engage in the fishing industry, soon went on from one thing to another, burning dwellings, whipping women as well as men, and finally committing murder, in the effort to constitute themselves the general supervisors of the moral conduct of the community. One woman who was suing for divorce on the charge of cruelty was visited several times and ordered to withdraw the suit. The first time her father was whipped. The second time she was whipped with a strap until she made the desired promise. Another woman was visited and ordered to get rid of her sister's child because it had quarrelled with a neighbor's child. Often the night-riders whipped men and women without knowing why, simply because the captain ordered it. If the victims indicated any intention of testifying afterward to these outrages in court, they were assailed again and whipped until their spirit was broken. One woman who testified in the recent trial, on being dismissed by the court, said: "I will not leave the courtroom without armed protection. I know these men." She identified twenty-five of the band. As the trial proceeded, the judge ordered the sheriff to manacle the eight defendants on the way to and from court.

One man who turned state's evidence was so frightened as he gave his testimony that he could hardly raise his voice above a whisper, and most of his replies had to be repeated to the jury by the attorney-general who conducted the prosecution. This attorney-general was nearly assassinated before he finished his work. After such a band has once succeeded in getting a community terrorized, the local courts seem to be helpless. Had it not been for the vigorous action of the state officials and the sending of state militia to the scenes, the night-riders of Reelfoot Lake would still be in control.

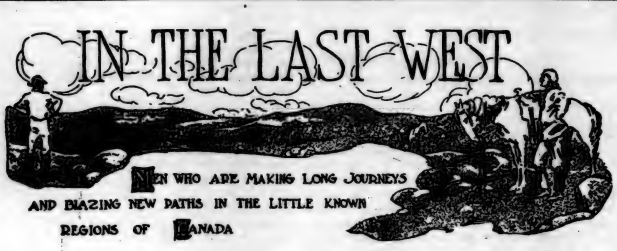
Perils of a Simple Diet.

THE physiological value of flavors has been frequently commented upon, and the subject deserves the widest publicity to check the growing tendency of a certain class of dietetists to consider that the only useful ingredients in foods are the tissue building and energy producing chemical compounds. Thus contends American Medicine in the course of an editorial utterance to the effect that foods must possess much more than carbon and nitrogen to make them wholesome. Nevertheless, the laboratory takes no account of such intangible things as flavor and bouquet. It is now asserted that the high prices paid for certain pleasing foods is really money well spent, even if the "nutritive" value is less than cheaper, more tasteless things. The craving for these dainties is an expression of a natural need, and health suffers if they are unattainable. Even savages have their occasional "spreads," the civilized "banquet" is as old as civilization, and both seem to satisfy a wholesome craving. The economy of expensive foods is explained by the fact that digestion, at least in man, is dependent upon flavors, without which it is so defective that we do not obtain the good of the food we swallow. American Medicine says:

"As far as experiments go, they substantiate these assertions, for the sight and smell of pleasing food starts the flow of digestive fluids, while disagreeable odors and sights stop it. Delicatessen, then, would seem to be staples, for they are necessary. The talk of being able to subsist on a few cents a day is simply nonsense, and leads to deterioration of health. What seems to be extravagance in food purchases may be wholesome instinct. The high cost of living is partly due to the cost of the flavors we need. We commend these ideas to our worthy dietetic economists. Laymen may not be so foolish as the physiologists themselves.

"The inefficiency of plain foods must be a startling shock to all who have so strenuously advocated the simple dietetic life. The poor laborer who can never buy a dainty does not show up well as a workman. Even a horse wants a change now and then, and the cat is an incorrigible thief. The lower races which subsist on plain and unvaried foods are inefficient workmen, but if they are given a more varied diet they do quite well. Military men have found it impossible to confine an army to a fixed ration, for every soldier spends more or less of his money for occasional dainties. Restaurants follow armies even into battle. Are luxuries to be classed as necessities? Of course one would not so class a dish of nightingales' tongues, but perhaps such articles as oysters, caviar, and a host of fruits and vegetables, all of low nutritive value, are necessities on account of the intangible qualities of taste and odor which have escaped the notice of our new physiologists. It has often been said that the alcoholic tendencies of soldiers and sailors of former times were an expression of depraved nervous systems due to plain, tasteless, unvarying foods. This may be true, for alcoholism is a sign of nervous depression. Since the diet of these men has been greatly improved by the addition of 'luxuries,' drunkenness has been enormously reduced."

The Pekin-Hankow railroad in China has at last passed completely under the ownership and control of the Chinese government, the last payment of $30,000,000 to the Belgian syndicate in redemption of the franchise and invested capital having been paid. The government will retain only the consulting engineer of the foreign staff of the road, substituting natives for all other employees.



WILLIAM HARD, of Everybody's Magazine, who recently toured the West, said the other day:

"I discovered the most progressive man in North America in a box car on the spur leading from the Canadian Northern to the Grand Trunk Pacific, near Saskatoon. He sat on top of his piano, and at the forward end of the car were bricks, imported personally from the United States. In the rear end were bird cages, bags of seed wheat, and other things. All the material for success in a new country, not forgetting the bricks, were present. When I asked him how soon he was going to reach his destination, this immigrant replied, that he expected to get there as soon as the rails had been laid along, which his car could be hauled. He was billed to a station not on the map when the car started. He is now helping the construction gang to make the railway which will make his home. He is the incarnation of the spirit of the North-West, which not only keeps pace with the facilities, but outruns them."

* * *

HIRAM W. GREENE, editorial writer of the American Press Association, in writing of the Canadian West, says:

"Perhaps the vast area under cultivation, and the immense possibilities of these equally fertile lands to be broken, impresses the observer most at first glance, but that which gives the most striking and telling impression is the great faith and confidence in the future, which these men who are tilling the soil express. At no place have I met any one who did not display the greatest confidence in the future of Western Canada, and in a number of instances I was informed that they had sent back word to their home town or city to their friends to join them in this great development.

"I was particularly struck with the case of four Americans from Sedalia, Missouri, with whom I talked at Asquith, near Saskatoon. These four men each broke forty acres this year. They had travelled some seventy odd miles which they considered no great hardship, to get employment with other settlers who had been there for a longer period, and who were about to harvest their crop. This winter all three will work with other farmers, leaving one of their number to look after their property in their new homes. No stronger evidence could be given of faith in the possibilities of Western Canada for young men of that character."

* * *

MR. NOE CHEVRIER, the Winnipeg merchant, who has been appointed to fill the Manitoba vacancy in the Senate, caused by the death of Senator Thomas A. Bernier, was born at Rigaud, Vaudreuil county, Quebec, in the early fifties, and took his classical training at College Bourget, Rigaud. He then joined his father at Ottawa, where he launched out into commercial life in the clothing business.

After a few prosperous years in business in Ottawa, Mr. Chevrier, with his family, went to Winnipeg in 1871, and was one of the pioneer merchants of the West, starting a clothing and fur store on Main street, which he still maintains. The firm of Chevrier & Sons is one of the largest concerns of the kind in the West, and the senior partner is widely known throughout the Western country as a commercial pioneer of high repute, and a man of sound judgment and upright business principles.

* * *

PART of The Calgary Herald's report of the recent opening of the Alberta Legislature seems to be worth reproducing here:

Up in Edmonton the province of Alberta is making law.

Did you ever make a law? No? But you have broken many of 'em, eh? Well, if you are in the habit of bucking laws, attendance at the opening of the session would have cured you.

Solemn! It had an Indian war dance faded for solemnity; and impressive, too, it was. When the new home of the Legislature is all finished and fine, it will be a hundred times more impressive. To-day the writer was on an equality, in matter of altitude, with the king's representative, and the Attorney General, for want of room for his hands, had to store them in his pockets. When the new Parliament House is completed, and the halls are marble and gold, then the opening will be grandly impressive, and then will the dignity of it be in keeping with the great country represented there. Simplicity is nice; democratic simplicity is a fine term; but costly magnificence in its Legislature Hall will be merely in keeping with the unthinkable wealth that is bursting into realization in this great province.

"The ministers' wives sit on the floor of the House?" I asked.

"Yes; you cannot hang them upon the wall," I was told.

Every one sits on the floor—that is, in chairs—in the House at Edmonton. In the making of laws up here every one is on the level. True, the throne is elevated, but just enough that you would stump your toe against it in the dark. Time will be, three years or so hence, when it will be different; and the fact is, the contractor on the new Parliament building will need to hustle to keep up with the general growth of the country, for there is going to be things doing.

His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Bulyea told in the speech from the throne how there is a vast country to the north, the wealth of which only railways can realize, and how that in the south there is wealth that only more railways can adequately serve, and the promise was given that bills will be presented providing for both the north and the south in this regard.

Strong words those! Spoken in a low voice, interrupted by a cough, but losing none of their mighty significance to this country. They should have wafted down from a gilded hall; should have echoed from marble halls.

But this is a new country: the newness of it is startling. A few years hence we will have the roads to the north and south, and we will have also the marble walls. Considering that the Provincial Government is only forty months old, that announcement is a marvel.

There is a spirit in this country, and its name is Progress.

We would rather have such an announcement from the little flat throne in the little squat hall now, than to wait to have it from the grand throne that will be in the hall on the hill.

* * *

DESPATCHES from the coast say that, apart from rushing the main line construction in the north this year, the Grand Trunk Pacific is about to formulate plans for building branch lines in British Columbia on a scale of magnitude not thought of by the public. Nothing less than the invasion of the Crow's Nest Pass coal district in East Kootenay is said to be contemplated. This project constituted one of the principal objects of the mission of of D'Arcy Tate, assistant solicitor of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, who was interviewed in Vancouver, and made some important announcements. Necessary authority to build into East Kootenay will be sought from the British Columbia Legislature. The East Kootenay branch line will be an extension of the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific branch lines in Alberta, construction of which, it is announced, will be started early this spring.

"It is the intention of the Grand Trunk Pacific to rush the construction of the main line across British Columbia with all possible speed," said Mr. Tate. "The hundred mile section east from Prince Rupert will be completed some time in August of this year, and it is likely a new contract for an additional hundred miles of main line from Copper River up the Skeena and beyond Hazelton will be awarded within the next few weeks.

"Tenders for the construction of an additional 120 miles of main line on the prairies west of Wolf River are now under consideration.

"Vancouver occupies a prominent position in the general plans of the company, and so far as I am aware the linking of our main line with this city by a band of steel will be undertaken as soon as possible—how soon I would not like to indicate, as it might make your citizens unduly excited.

"Outside of the legislative programme I will submit at Victoria, I hope soon to come to a final settlement with the Provincial Government respecting the Prince Rupert townsite. My own impression is that the sale of lots will take place in May. As soon as the Government and railway company make their selection of the lots, the plan will be registered, and then we will jointly arrange for the time, place and conditions of the proposed sale.

"Before coming to Vancouver, I visited Edmonton to confer with the Alberta Government in regard to its policy of assisting branch lines in that province. A measure embodying the agreements will be brought down in the Legislature very shortly. In accordance with the arrangements concluded we agreed to start work early this spring and build with all possible speed our proposed branch line extending from Wainwright, a point on the main line, 120 miles east of Edmonton, to a point in the vicinity of Coutts, a town on the international boundary in Southern Alberta. This will be a north and south line, and will cross the Canadian Pacific Railway at Calgary, in whose future we are also deeply interested. The proposed line will have an approximate length of 350 miles. If you look at the map you will see that a branch of the Great Northern runs north from the main line in Montana to Coutts. But this does not tell the entire story. I am applying to the Alberta Legislature at this session for a local charter authorizing the construction of a 100-mile branch line from a point on the proposed Wainwright-Coutts line in the south-westerly direction via McLeod and Pincher Creek to the western boundary of Alberta at the summit of the Rockies. This line will start from a point on our north and south line south of Calgary. This brings us to British Columbia boundary."

Mr. Tate added that the construction of the branch lines in Saskatchewan will also be rushed this spring in accordance with the policy of financial assistance being granted by the Provincial Government. These comprise branches from the main line north to Prince Albert, a branch to Yorkton and another south via Regina to a point on the international boundary at or near North Portal, where the Soo line, a C. P. R. subsidiary corporation enters Canada from the state of North Dakota.

* * *

PRINCE Albert continues to bid strongly for the privilege of offering a site for the new University of Saskatchewan. The Herald, of that city, in its latest issue to hand, concludes an editorial on the subject thus:

From Moosomin to Maple Creek, from Lloydminster to Kamsack, from Estevan to Rosthern, the University Board of Governors may search for that richness of flora and fauna which forms the very warp and woof of literature, of art, and of music, but in vain.

How can men and women be taught to appreciate the meaning of art without an intimate knowledge of the elements which lie at the base of all artistic production? Shall we educate a race as barren and bald in their conception of the beautiful as the Egyptians: or shall we rather let them behold the wonders and mysteries and beauties of the world with Grecian eyes? It is for Professor Murray to determine, and if he has once caught the vision there can be only one place for the University of Saskatchewan.

And that place is Prince Albert.

To locate the University at any other city in Saskatchewan would not only be unfortunate—it would be a subversion not only of the utilitarian idea of what a modern university should be, but a barbaric disregard for the love of nature without which an appreciative understanding of the arts of literature, of line and color, and of the master musicians must forever remain an enigma.

RENEW YOUR YOUTH

Never before has the struggle for social and commercial success been so keen as in our own day, and to the victor and the vanquished alike comes a time when nerves and body cry for rest. Nature and science have combined to produce an environment where tired men and women may renew their youth. On the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, at St. Catharines, Ontario, is situated "The Welland," where the ills of life are alleviated by bathing in the Saline Springs of the "St. Catharines Well," under proper medical supervision and attendance. Apply to City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, for booklet and further information.

To the Investing Public:

The Bun Kum mine has got beyond the experimental stage!

In six months it will be paying dividends!

Experts assure us that with a modern equipment, consisting of palatial offices and at least twenty high-priced secretaries always writing furiously, in place of our present very ordinary quarters and two cheap stenographers loafing half their time, the property is capable of catching ten suckers for every sucker it catches now!

The improvements indicated will cost $500,000, and stock to that amount is to be put on the market!

Buy to-day.

Get in on the ground floor!—Life.

Strange stories are told concerning the alleged illiteracy of theatrical managers. Here is the latest:

Sydney Rosenfeld once wrote a comedy entitled "The Optimist," which achieved success after the production, but was a long time reaching the stage. Manager after manager refused the manuscript, and one day Mr. Rosenfeld, whose patience was exhausted, blurted out to his sole auditor:

"Of course you don't appreciate the play! You don't even know the meaning of its name."

"Yes, I do," protested the impresario.

"Well," insisted Rosenfeld, "what's the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

The manager barely hesitated.

"An optimist is an eye doctor," he said; "a pessimist is a foot doctor."

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all of the cogs on one of the wheels in the power-house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Fellow out there insulted me," she said. The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast."—Argonaut.

A SUMMER visitor who was trying a horse, the property of a farmer, with a view to buying him, noticed that after driving a few miles the animal pulled very hard, requiring a firm hand and constant watching. "Do you think this is just the horse for a lady to drive?" he inquired, doubtfully

"Well," answered the owner, with an air of great candor, "I must say I shouldn't really want to be the husband of the woman who could drive that horse."

How about a Carnegie heroine medal for Agnes Lockwood, the three-year-old New York girl who was almost scalded to death rescuing her doll from a tub of hot water?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wife—Would it please you, dear, if I learned another language? Husband—Yes, it would delight me infinitely. Wife—Well, which one shall I study? Husband—The sign language.—Smart Set.

First Farmer: H'lo, Hiram! Where be you goin'?

Second Farmer: Goin' to taown to git drunk, an' gawsh haow I dread it!—Boston Transcript.

Lady Gay's Column

THE world in the throes of a new sensation is something Titanic, awesome, inspiring, that saps the strength and interest in ordinary things and leaves one spent and listless. "You all" who have read the great story of the great catastrophe that was not, of the great grief that passed us by, of the great relief and mad rejoicing that found its echo in many hearts here, of the triumph of science over the force of nature, know what it means when I say the world was in the throes of a new sensation. We who love the great ocean, who count nothing so good on land as an hour on the sea, who feel the fresh tang of the air off leagues of restless brine strike the wells of our being with a vitalizing reviving message of health, we who have laughed in the beard of Neptune and closed awed eyes before his potent rage, who know the sea in peace and fury, and the weird uncanny fog and the oppression and menace of the measured call of the horn, or the spectral ringing of the buoy-bell, as it rides the billows, who have lain sleepless in the dark for the pleasantness of being gently rocked, and of hearing the rush of the water beyond the port, and the echo of that most blessed and reassuring cry from the forecastle of "All's Well," following the musical strokes of eight bells, we can realize a little of the sudden call to peril and loss which came before dawn to our friends last Saturday, when the dirty old Florida, name of ill memories, crashed into the mighty Republic off Nantucket. Reading all about it, we forgot time and tide, and were wrecked in a mass of broken engagements, tardy arrivals and penitent apologies, half hushed even then, by back thoughts of the great story, the happy hunting ground of the reporters who gave us the details with terse, intense cleverness, the power and the wonder of it all.

It was not the wreck and the rescue, the comic scenes, the perils, or any of the things one has seen or heard of many times already that gripped the world, however; it was the flash in the little dark wrecked cabinette, where the boy Binns spent these fearsome hours, foodless and indomitable; it was the silent coursing through the gloom of those waves of appeal, not a "cry for help," as the reporters called it, but a spirit voice, swift, strong, compelling, sweeping in gracious curves through the unfathomable mist, touching harmonious undulations here and there, waking the souls of men to the need and the command of these trembling thousands! That—that new, victorious, stupendous force is what is thrilling the great continent with something deeper, stronger than has ever laid finger on it before. Have you ever stood beside the Marconi man while he called into the vast spaces, as you sailed in an apparent waste of water in mid-ocean, and seen him calmly "pick up" news from this or that ship nearing your own? Have you ever talked three hundred miles along the Labrador, hearing words of sad or happy import, as it happened the ship full of fish was wrecked or sailing gaily into harbor? Then you will know how the message came to the man in the shack on the rocky east shore, to the man in the cutter, to the torpedo boat man, to the chap in the cabinette on the great liner, or the greasy old Florida, full of garlic and Italian emigrants and slippery macaroni. Then the names of the ships that collided, the one sunk and the other with her nose bashed and ripped open, (and by the way, that's another thing difficult to realize unless one sees it, how a great iron bow can be torn and bent and twisted like a pasteboard box!) when everything about this wonderful happening is lost in new interests, people will smile to recall how the country was gripped by the thought of the new power and helpfulness and wonder of the voice that whispered: "Come and help us," across the sea. For, perhaps in our own day, we may be all flashing chatter and news and invitations to one another, and not paying the least heed to what will be as common as the penny post.

*

To go to the devil means very little this week in Toronto. The original devil, beside whom, one is told, all others fade into nothingness, has been demonstrating his methods of working to more or less comprehending audiences in our finest theatre. I have read a good many criticisms of this play, but none that seemed to quite do it justice, because it is a great one, a true, suggestive, convincing and wonderful play. I have not, at time of writing, seen Arliss in it, but one of the lesser devils, so to speak, who, however, was eminently impressive and made the play great to me. I have no doubt Arliss will deepen the impression. A woman sounded the often struck note, in speaking of this play the other day. "Of course," she said carefully, "it may suit you, but I call it a very unpleasant play indeed. I think it decidedly immoral and objectionable." That sort of remark is calculated to strike one dumb, and also to arouse some speculation. I confess I always incline to the latter when I hear a person who has passed through a rather full experience of life enunciate such criticism. In the play it isn't the final surrender of the artist and his woman friend to the temptation upon which the play harps, so much as the process of influence by which the devil succeeds in presenting to a couple of decent and well-intentioned folk a temptation they at first reject with healthy repulsion. If ever there was a strong, able, convincing sermon preached, this play certainly preaches it. The few moments while the suave, cynical, clever devil plays upon the lower nature of the man, and while he warps the better impulse of the woman, as she writes the letter intended to be a renunciation of a comradeship which she feels to be dangerous, but which under his blighting subtlety becomes a passionate appeal to her lover, touched the depths of my compassion and comprehension. For the more one knows of the strength and weakness of human nature, the more one agonizes over the blindness and the ignorance of one's brothers and sisters in moments of temptation and trial. It is always possible to conquer, and there is nothing so tragic and pitiful as surrender under such circumstances. Then there was one little moment in that play which seemed a very fine one, when a young girl, seeking to outdo the rival who has captured her fiance, tries all the wiles of the coquette and the woman of the world, and is thus admonished by—whom do you think? the devil himself! "Don't try to beat her with those weapons" he says earnestly. "You have one which is more powerful than all of them. Be yourself, you have purity!" Now, do you not think that testimony, from the devil himself, in a moment that seemed to strip him of cynicism, falsehood and mischief, in the presence of the only person in the play whom he felt he could not control, was worth a good deal? There were many other moments which made the play worth while, not always so obvious, but keenly interesting to the real critic, and tributes to the insight and judgment, and ability to know nature to the foundation of that clever Hungarian to whom we owe "The Devil."

*

The passing of the Primate has aroused memories of very nearly a lifetime, as I was a very small girl when I first met him, a newly arrived young Englishman, his luggage yet strewn about the entrance of the big college for boys, of which he was to be the first Principal, in London, Ontario. Mr. Sweatman shook hands with me politely, the first feminine shake hands, as he afterwards smilingly remarked, he had received in America. Through his life of over forty years in this country as Principal, Instructor, Rector, Bishop and Primate of all Canada, I have never of the pale, nervous and much tired lost the impression which I received young voyager, with his traps still unstrapped, as I have never missed the hand clasp, the courteous bearing, the beautiful friendship, and on my part at least, affection one feels for a friend who is at once an idealist and a dreamer, and a very human and earnest worker. The Primate has not (no colonial Bishop may!) led the sleek and comfortable existence of many of his fellow-dignitaries in the old land. There have been long journeys, trials of wind and weather, sad and pathetic scenes, and a great wish and project unfulfilled in the life and experience of the true Christian and gentleman who has gone to his rest. Everyone who knew him knows how he longed to see St. Alban's Cathedral built and consecrated. Perhaps it may yet echo to a hymn sung in his memory; let us hope so! The city's social life has been here and there arrested in true mourning and recognition of his worth. The resolutions of condolence from high places have been sincere; the solemn prayers have been said and sung; the simple burial conducted, with attendance of many sorrowing friends, not only from among his inferior clergy, but from the ranks of the boys he loved, the children he baptized, the young folks, now old and grey, who knew him since his early days, and never knew him other than the purest, kindest and best of men.

*

Several letters have reached me from correspondents who do not seem to have noticed that the graphological and zodiacal readings have been discontinued. Please take notice. Judging by your letters, you're old enough to be asked to do so. One lady politely suggests that the "authorities" have notified me that it is illegal to give delineations, and that therefore, she is pleased to see I've been "shut down on." You dear thing! I sometimes really enjoy a bit of pickle or good hot chili sauce. Do you really think our "authorities" only wake up once in twenty years or so? Bye bye, be good natured; it's the best cure for the complaint you have. "A young man" wants to know how long he should prolong an evening call? Now that is a question I answer with joy and relief, because he might be calling on me some evening. Unless you are very sure you are wanted, unless your hostess hints at supper, suggests cards, or makes you certain she has nothing better or pleasanter to do than entertain you, you had better clear out after thirty minutes. Men come and men go, says the poet. Well, sometimes they don't go, just as soon as they ought to. I've known a whole family to be reduced to hopeless gapes and vicious longing to do something awful to a young man who stayed too long at an evening call!

LADY GAY.

To My Friends.

Written on my 70th birthday.

If friends are what is best in life,
And human laurel leaf be love,
Then am I blest the throng above,
And my heart laughs at petty strife.

Grim failure roars of battles lost,
While friendship sings of victories won,
Of heart love, genial as the sun,
Without the paltry sting of cost.

My friends are but a chosen few,
I care not for the noisome crowd,
That jingle dollars, laugh aloud,
And vanish like a pestilent dew.

Nay, mine are as the twilight hour,
That all-pervades, yet ne'er intrudes,
Soothing the heart, sore spent with moods,
Proving its silent healing power.

I've done my best to make amends
For errors in the noon of life,
Now, softly, ere I quit the strife
I breathe this prayer, "God bless my friends."

—George Edward Sears.

PIANOFORTE WINS PLAUDITS.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN INSTRUMENT CALLED WONDERFUL IN GERMANY.

ENTHUSIASTIC LETTER FROM BARON VON LANDSBERG, ADVISER TO KAISER.

Some months ago the sale and shipment of a pianoforte by the Gerhard Heintzman Company, of this city, to the Baron von Landsberg, one of the leading statesmen of the German Empire, was chronicled in these columns. The instrument has now been installed in the castle of Landsberg since September last, and the Baroness von Landsberg, for whom it was purchased, has had an opportunity to test its quality thoroughly. It was therefore with very great pleasure that Mr. Gerhard Heintzman recently received a letter from the Baron or "Freiherr" von Landsberg, the text of which is given below. The Baron is, it may be stated in passing, entitled to sign himself a member of the Imperial Household and Personal Private Adviser to the Kaiser. The letter is written from the castle at Drensteinfurt, Westphalia, Prussia, and runs as follows:

"To Mr. Gerhard Heintzman, Piano Manufacturer, Toronto, Canada:

"Respected Sir,—It affords me very great pleasure to be able to write to you that as stated in my cablegram at the time, the Studio Grand Piano arrived here safely and in the best of condition. In every respect it comes up to our anticipations, and gives us great satisfaction. The instrument possesses a rarely soft and sonorous tone, and for a grand piano of such limited dimensions, the tone is also wonderfully powerful and well sustained, capable of producing the most beautiful cantibile effects. The case, too, is of harmonious design, and most pleasing to the eye.

"I am glad to have made your acquaintance while you were in Germany, which was responsible for putting me in possession of so beautiful an instrument. All of my friends who have seen, heard it, and played upon it praise it in most enthusiastic words.

"In conclusion, let me say that you deserve very great praise for having made an instrument so wonderfully fine as the one it is my privilege to possess. I am,

"Yours, very respectfully,
"VON LANDSBERG."

In addition to the above it may be stated that the daughter of the Baron, for whom the instrument was purchased as a birthday gift, is one of the finest connoisseurs and executants of pianoforte music in the German Empire. Such a tribute to a purely Canadian product is one of which Canadians in general should be proud.

A WOMAN reporter attached to a New York newspaper was once sent to obtain an "interview" with the late Bishop Potter. She made an appointment by telephone, but on account of other engagements was unable to be on time. However, when she arrived she found the Bishop ready to receive her. He cordially invited her to be seated, and inquired as to the exact nature of the desired information.

Then in a clear direct manner he dictated his statement. After the reporter had finished writing, she courteously offered to read what she had written. The Bishop insisted that he knew that it was correct, and allowed it to go without hearing it.

As she rose to take leave, she said, graciously:

"I thank you very much, and appreciate how much it means for a busy person like yourself to give your time to reporters."

Patting her on the shoulder in a fatherly manner Bishop Potter replied:

"My dear woman, we are both earning our living."

EVERY occupation affords opportunities of its own for the study of human nature, if only there be a little aptitude for putting two and two together.

"I was browsing in a book-shop, which does a little business in stationery on the side, said a reader the other day, when a young woman was asked by the genial old proprietor:

"'And when does the wedding take place, Miss Blank?'

"'The wedding!' exclaimed the young woman, blushing. 'Why, you don't think——'

"'Ah, Miss Blank!' rejoined the old bookseller. 'When a young lady buys a hundred sheets of paper and only twenty-five envelopes, I know there's something in the wind!'"

A LITTLE story which has just found its way across the Atlantic from an English country house tells of a recent slip made by a new and nervous butler in serving his master, a duke, at the luncheon table.

Quiet, respectful, and assiduous, he proffered a dish with the insinuating query:

"Cold grace, your grouse?"

The slip is so obviously natural that doubtless the tale is true.

"Now, then, look pleasant, please."

"Not at all; this is to send to my wife at the seashore. She would come home at once!"—Fliegende Blatter.

"Was your father college bred?"

"Yes, but we never mention it. The college he went to had a rotten football team."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"If I had her training I am sure I could put more feeling into the music."

Did you ever hear anybody say this at a piano-recital? Did you ever say it—or think it—yourself?

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You can now have this wonderful instrument on very easy terms or we will make you a liberal allowance on your present piano and take it in exchange. But whether or not you are ready to purchase you should make it a point to hear this instrument at your first opportunity. Come in today and play it yourself. No obligation.

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THE DRAMA

WALTER HAMPDEN AND MABEL MOORE
as Manson and Mary, the "wishing child" in the remarkable drama "The Servant in the House," which will be presented at the Princess next week.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.

FROM that strange and curious region
Where they barter Indian baskets,
Where they sell Pueblo blankets,
Made afar off to the Eastward,
For the rich and gulleless tourist—
From the wild and woolly bad lands
Off in Southern Arizona
Comes a play before our people;
Comes to us all marked and labeled
As a strong play, psychologic,
In a manner true depicting
The eternal, never-ceasing
Struggle twixt the old, decadent,
Hard and narrow thoughts and customs
Of sedate, precise New England
In the heart of a young lady,
And the rough, free, and titanic
Passions of that Western section,
Caring nought for law and order,
Of that great and glorious country
Lying to the southward of us,
Represented in the person
Of an Arizona miner,
Who as "best man" wins and weds her.
We confess we never travelled
Through this interesting country;
Never bought Pueblo blankets;
No, our home was in Missouri;
We would like someone to show us
Whys and wherefores of the actions
Of this typical young lady
From the State of Massachusetts.
Could she not have shot that miner,
(Though we thus would lose a player
We could ill afford to part with)
Or have made for home and mother
Early in the second act, or—?
But to stay, with hatred rankling,
To stay there, and shout one's troubles
From the top of Arizona,
At the last to find she loved him
With an all-compelling fervor,
Truly may show penetration
Of a very lofty order
But it makes us wonder deeply.

ASHTAR.

* * *

"THE Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy, is the season's most remarkable drama. The only adverse criticism offered by any critic is that it is "platitudinous," and that it is a "study drama." When it had its New York *premiere* SATURDAY NIGHT'S New York correspondent wrote a lengthy appreciation of it in most enthusiastic terms. At that time it was not known when the play would reach Toronto, and for this reason "J. E. W.'s" admirable review was held over. Part of it is now given as being the most interesting advance comment that could be made on this much-discussed production, which comes to the Princess Theatre next week:

"The Servant in the House" has proven the dramatic sensation of the year, and in the press and out is provoking more discussion, perhaps, than any play produced here since "Candida." In view of its departure from so many of the beaten paths of dramatic offerings the unanimity of critical opinion is remarkable. Only one critic of repute dissents from the verdict of greatness, and it is just possible that, like the Bishop of Lancashire in the play, this one has become "a little thin and a little deaf." The play is a topic of conversation in all the clubs, cafes, and drawing-rooms, so that, whatever our final judgment of its place in dramatic literature, there is no escaping its tremendous impressiveness. This was no doubt all in the author's intention for he has projected into the field of discussion such controversial subjects as religion, the church, and socialism. The "sensation" paradoxically enough (though historically true) arises from the strict orthodoxy of his message; that is to say, in this instance, its fidelity to Christ's teaching as opposed to the more expedient doctrines in vogue. Christianity we have decided in deed if not in word, to be impracticable under modern conditions, and our experts in apologetics have graciously modified its severity to suit our economic and social development. We have, for instance shirked the gospel of brotherhood and love with its obvious responsibilities and jumped at the chance of salvation through faith and periodical philanthropy.

Mr. Kennedy's play tries to swing the pendulum of the world's thought back to some of these simple fundamentals of life and religion, and in the process, of course, the church of to-day is attacked with a boldness and daring calculated to make a considerable stir. In his attack the audacious dramatist has not hesitated to employ as his chief weapon a re-incarnation of Christ, suggestively named Manson, who figures in the play as a Hindu servant to a vicar's household. This Manson is avowedly the great Bishop of Benares in disguise, come to help his brother the vicar in the restoration of his church, but inferentially, and through his resemblance to accepted portraits of the Son of Man, no room is left to doubt his symbolic character. Let me, however, assure those whose religious susceptibilities might be offended at the thought of an actual representation of the Christ on the stage that the sincerity and reverential dignity of the characterization disarm any possible objection on that score. The objection on artistic grounds is more valid, I think. It introduces the theatrical, is unnecessary to the main purpose of the drama, and the use of the supernatural, instead of strengthening, tends to

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON
Highly gifted and accomplished actress, who appears in "The Servant in the House," next week at the Princess.

weaken the dramatic structure—the ghost in "Hamlet" to the contrary notwithstanding. This structure needs no external aid whatsoever.

Mr. Kennedy has written what is really a morality play on modern, realistic lines, given it a setting of comedy, and, through the play of contrasting ideals and the free use of satire, irony, humor, and tenderness, has delivered a mighty message with almost volcanic force. The impression, however, should not go abroad that it is a mere preachment. It is dramatic entertainment from first to last, passing from scenes of the most delicious comedy to scenes of tenderest pathos, and intense emotional conflict where the aroused ethical passions are engaged in pitched battle.

The dramatic motif in itself is slight. The hatred and denial of his outcast brother by a vicar, prompted primarily by the social ambitions of his worldly minded but devoted wife, and the adoption of the outcast's daughter, whom they have brought up in ignorance of her father's existence, are the basis of the dramatic and spiritual problem. The psychological development of each of these characters in turn, however, the play of conflicting ideals and the domestic and spiritual turmoil brought about in the souls of all through Manson and the arrival of the outcast brother Bob—who appears on the scene, a burly workman, uncouth in manner and speech, begrimed, scarred by drink suffering and a "damned lonely life"—broaden the original problem into one of universal ethical interest and appeal. The setting of the play also—a vicarage—together with the character of his chief personages, which now includes the brother of the vicar's wife, the Bishop of Lancashire, who stands for the out-and-out worldly ecclesiastic, "a bishop of stocks and shares; a bishop of Mammon"—enables the author without the slightest digression to project the entire problem of the church in the scene.

The presentation of the play has evoked almost as much favorable comment as the play itself. Never before, perhaps, has such a company of actors been assembled on the American stage as Mr. Henry Miller has brought together for this production.

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison plays "Auntie," the vicar's wife, with her accustomed skill and charm, but the part is far below her artistic stature.

* * *

MAY ROBSON comes to the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week in Anna Warner's comedy, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." Miss Robson has been very successful in the role of Aunt Mary, and the play is said to be highly amusing and quite novel.

The first act opens at Aunt Mary's home, where the different characters present themselves. The nephew has been suspended from college, and hurries home to tell his aunt. There he meets a girl, the sister of his chum, whose automobile has broken down in the rain. After the departure of the party, Aunt Mary advises Jack she will forgive him anything except the wronging of a woman, and tells her own romance. Their lawyer arrives with the news of a breach of promise suit brought by a Kalamazoo girl. A chance to explain is denied, and Jack leaves for his chum's home in New York.

The second act opens in the chum's house, several weeks later. Not hearing from the aunt, a letter has been written informing her that Jack is ill. She arrives at the house, and is received by the girl masquerading as a servant, who makes herself indispensable during the visit. The boys take Aunt Mary around the city in an automobile, and show her the sights. The Kalamazoo girl visits the house, and has an interview with the girl, who says she will have nothing more to do with Jack.

The scene in the third act is again Aunt Mary's house. In the interval the girl from Kalamazoo has had a change of heart through the kindness of the aunt, and arrives at the house just after the girl, who has been sent for by Aunt Mary. They meet, and the trouble is cleared up and Jack comes back and there is a reconciliation.

* * *

For next week Manager Shea has arranged another big bill at the popular Yonge street vaudeville house. It is headed by the talented musical comedy star, Clara Belle Jerome, in the musical and dancing novelty entitled "Joyland." The Four Lukens, acrobats, will be the special feature for the week. Gordon Eldrid and Company, The Three Reynards, Billy Van, Josephine Davis, Cunningham and Marion, and the Kinetograph complete the bill.

* * *

The burlesque company, "The Cracker Jacks," will entertain the patrons of the Gayety Theatre next week. The company is said to be composed of funny and frolicksome people who keep things moving all the time. They also sing a large number of lively songs.

* * *

Edith Wynne Matthison, who will play the principal feminine role in "The Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy (her husband) at the Princess Theatre next week, succeeded Ellen Terry as leading woman with the late Sir Henry Irving, and played with him the night the great English actor died. Her first appearance in Toronto is well remembered. It was with the Ben Greet Players when she achieved such a success by her portrayal of the title role in "Everyman." Later that season Miss Matthison gave America her Viola, Rosalind, and Kate Hardcastle, artistic conceptions already well known in England. It was upon her return to London after this triumphant American season that Miss Matthison was sought by Sir Henry Irving. For two years she played Portia to his Shylock; Marie to his Louis XI., and Rosamund to his Becket. Sir Henry made a special revival of "King Rene's Daughter" in order that Miss Matthison might play Iolanthe.

Miss Matthison later joined Vedrenne and Barker in the classical movement at the Court, Savoy, and Queen's Theatre, London. Here new renown came to her. Productions were made of Prof. Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides "Elektra" and "The Triades," with Miss Matthison in the title role of the former and as Andromache in the latter. Her versatility was displayed by the equal success she had in modern plays, particularly in Bernard Shaw's "Captain Barvara" and "The Devil's Disciple," Hall Caine's "The Bondman," Elizabeth Robins's "Votes for Women," John Galeworthy's "Joy," and Miss Symond's "Clothes and the Woman."

She gave America a new side of her talent last winter by playing a special three-weeks' engagement with Henry Miller in "The Great Divide," and when the actor-manager goes to London with the William Vaughan Moody play this spring Miss Matthison will play Ruth Jordan with him there.

Miss Matthison recently created the fine role of Herdisa in her husband's play, "The Winter Feast." Although the play was not accepted by New York, despite its force and poetic beauty, Miss Matthison made a great personal success.

* * *

"Fluffy Ruffles," in which Hattie Williams appeared at the Princess the latter part of last week drew bumper houses. The humor of the piece was of the come-on, I'm-the-real-thing-from-Broadway variety. But it went, you bet! Thousands of people thought it and Miss Williams were "some class," and "Fluffy Ruffles" made a hit. There is no song in it as good as "Experience," so Miss Williams sang a verse of it. This musical comedy favorite is popular on the strength of her personality, in which many lovers of light entertainment delight.

* * *

George Arliss is at the Royal Alexandra this week in Harrison Grey Fiske's production of "The Devil." In New York all discriminating critics and theatregoers were agreed that he was the best "devil" in sight, and in Toronto this judgment has been confirmed. Mr. Stevens, who was seen here recently, and the other actors sent out by Mr. Savage in this remarkable role, are big men, physically impressive men. Mr. Arliss is small and his methods are entirely different. They are whimsical, snaky, insidious, admirably devilish.

The play, as given here this week at the Alexandra, is pure comedy, and drives home its moral most effectively. Miss Elliston is rather stiff as the wife who falls victim to the devil's wiles. But the company as a whole is a very capable one. Theatregoers are strongly advised to go to "The Devil" this week.

* * *

"The Great Divide," in which Henry Miller is appearing at the Princess Theatre this week, has been spoken of in some quarters as "the great American play." For it is one of the ambitions of the United States to produce a great play, just as it is our ambition to produce a great Canadian novel. If "The Great Divide" is a great drama a good many people are plainly too pedantic in the meaning they attach to the word. We may all agree that Professor Moody has produced an excellent play, and that Mr. Miller interprets the role of Stephen Ghent strongly, strikingly, and with admirable restraint. But it must be admitted that "The Great Divide," judged by the high standard it must be judged by, is, incident by incident, and on the whole, quite improbable, unnatural.

The writer has asked several theatregoers, of varying types of intelligence, for their opinions of the play as presented here this week; and it is an actual fact that those who enjoyed it most were those who thought that the acting of Miss Thais Lawson, who succeeds Miss Anglin in the role of Ruth Jordan, was "fine." Most of those to whom the play might have been expected to make an intellectual appeal were merely disappointed. No doubt, those who were disappointed found the "theme" rather artificial and foggy. No doubt they looked back, say, to "The Squaw Man" as a more moving play of Western life—which will horrify many critics.

The role of Ruth Jordan is an unnatural one, and Miss Lawson, by her theatrical, elocution-pupil methods adds to its artificiality. The scene of the meeting of Ruth and her brother at Ghent's cabin and their talk there is, both as to dialogue and acting, anything but lifelike. By no stretch of imagination could one picture in real life a brother and sister meeting under such circumstances and carrying on such a stilted conversation. And a strain of improbability runs through the whole play. Miss Laura Hope Crews, it may be said, by a good piece of character work in the role of old-fashioned Mrs. Jordan, gives atmosphere to the New England home scene in the last act.

"The Great Divide" is a play that every one interested in the drama ought, of course, to see. It is a striking, unusual play, and the work of Mr. Miller is very fine. But any intelligent person who feels like kicking himself because he has not been impressed by it as most of the critics say he ought to be, need not be oppressed by the fear that his intellect is drying up. There are others.

HAL.

MAY ROBSON
In "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," coming to the Royal Alexandra next week.

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MUSIC

EVER since the great German song singer, Ludwig Wullner, arrived in America there has been much discussion of the art of song. So popular has he become that the mere announcement of a recital is all that is necessary to insure a full house. This, of course, has caused a discussion of just what part voice plays in the singing of songs. One faction calls the other "Voiceless Singers," and the retort courteous is "Vocalists." The surprising phase is the amount of space the leading writers on the great dailies are devoting to the question, which is as old as the history of music; for as far back as the year 1723 Pier Tosi wrote a book which he called "Observations on the Florid Song," in which he denounces the exaggeration of the singing of his day. He makes a special plea for singing as a means of interpretation, and advises pupils to shun the practice of imitating the runs and flourishes proper to the violin, oboe, and other instruments, and to spend the time in silent practice of the score to discover its poetic contents.

At an early day good taste was lost and the profession had gone to ruin, for the maestro bewails the passing of good voices and the advent of trickery. In fact, all he says sounds so modern that I have used the present tense in commenting on it. Here is a paragraph from the pen of Mr. Henderson, of The New York Sun:

"At the opera it is the quality of the voice that delights. When Mr. Caruso sings no one cares what he sings or how he sings it. He may sing Mozart like a blacksmith or Donizetti like a butcher. The true definition of art is that it is the method of expression. The singer sings according to the normal principles of tone formation, the æsthetics of phrasing and accent and the dictates of good taste."

All of which is true, but, alas, the public settles the question, because the doctors cannot agree. "I know what I like," is the standard and the artist who can please the largest number sets the standard for the others. Mr. Houston cancelled Wullner's engagement, lest he should come here and not be appreciated. At the time I thought he did a wise thing, but after the reception Mme. Marchesi got last Monday night, I have changed my mind.

Of course the diversity of opinion makes it difficult to exactly, or even approximately, state the reasons for her success, but the fact remains that a large audience was delighted, although a great proportion of it said that she had no voice, or a very uneven one. There was nothing on her programme that was of the so-called ballad order. Most of the songs were sung in foreign tongues, even those in English being given with an accent that almost obscured the words. But despite all these hindrances, most of the audience wanted to hear many of the songs a second time. What surprised me was the attitude of the audience toward a singer, who, though the daughter of two famous singing teachers, and who has acquired considerable facility, has never mastered the fundamental principles of tone production.

She gets her effects not because she knows how, but despite the lack of knowing how. In almost every song she did things that would prevent her getting the necessary sixty percentum for a pass in a vocal examination. She sang off key, she forced registers; and though her runs and trills were facile, even pleasing, the constant moving of the lower jaw caused a variation in the vowel she was supposed to be emitting. Yet she held a large audience and gave it a delightful evening. I feel quite safe in saying that most of us would gladly hear the same programme over again. She had something to say, and she said it with conviction.

An important factor was the accompanist, Mr. Van den Berg, and we all enjoyed Mme. Marchesi's appreciation of him, which she showed by making him participate in the applause after "The Erl King." A large measure of the success of Sigurd Lie's "Soft Footed Snow" was due to the exquisite playing. Mr. Van den Berg can always count upon a cordial reception in Toronto whether he comes as a soloist or accompanist.

Miss Huntley made a very successful debut. She plays delightfully, and some day will play remarkably. She attempted nothing that was not easily within her powers. In everything she did she showed real musical gifts. At no time did she force her tone; her rhythms were always well poised, but her self-restraint was a bit uncanny in so young a player. The day of so-called reserve force is gone. We don't want passion torn to tatters nor the piano reduced to scrap iron and kindling, but we do want freer expression of the individual. Frequently one got glimpses of what Miss Huntley can do when she gives her temperament free rein. She has so much in her, and she has been so well schooled, that a little experience will bring her into her own.

* * *

AT each hearing one is surprised at the growth in the virtuosity of the Toronto String Quartette. Although the concert of the 22nd is only the second of the third season, it revealed such a marked advance in *ensemble* that one could scarcely believe his ears. Whether it is owing to the routine of the orchestra that has wrought what seems a miracle, or whether the two seasons' experience has done it, it is astounding. Each man plays with a most satisfying sense of authority, and there is nothing that will put artist and audience more quickly *en rapport* than this same sense of authority.

As Mme. Marchesi and her accompanist left the stage.

The programme began with Schubert's melodious "Quartette in D minor." The first movement went with a verve that was indicative of the thoroughness of the preparation. The variations of the second movement could have been repeated a second time, so clearly were the various nuances wrought out. The "Scherzo" and the "Presto" were also played with just the necessary abandon to bring the work to a strong climax.

Mr. Blachford and Mrs. Blight gave a splendid performance of Guiraud's "Caprice." It is a charming composition, and I have never heard Mr. Blachford play better. His tone has gained depth and warmth, and he displayed more temperament than even his most enthusiastic admirer would have believed he possessed. He has found himself, and from now on his growth should be rapid. He has always had good style and refinement, but there was an obsession of restraint or self-consciousness which kept him from reaching the pulses of the audience. This has disappeared, and he thrills as well as pleases.

The Coleridge-Taylor numbers were more curious than pleasing. I shall always be content to say that I have heard them once. But the one movement from the Smetana "Quartette in E minor" would make one forget and forgive things much worse than Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's efforts. Mr. Blachford promises the entire work next year, and we may anticipate hearing it with pleasure. The "Largo Sostenuto" was beautifully played, and gives these anticipations a firm foundation. It is a good thing to live in a town that will support and make possible such an organization as the Toronto String Quartette.

* * *

AS always, Mr. Arthur Blight has prepared an interesting programme for his annual recital, which he gives this year in Conservatory Music Hall, on the sixth of February. He will have the assistance of Miss Caldwell, who is one of the most brilliant pianistes in Canada. Miss Lilyan I. Smith will be the accompaniste. The programme in detail is as follows:

1. Vocal—(a) Sunset ..... Buck
   (b) Love's Pleading.... Buzzi-Peccia
   (c) Fountains, Mingle with the River, ... Keller
   (d) Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree .Capel
2. Piano—(a) Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2 ..... Chopin
   (b) Marche Mignonne ..... Poldini
3. Vocal—L'Ultima Canzone ..... Tosti
4. Vocal—Edward ..... Loewe
5. Piano—Impromtu, Op. 1. Tschaikowsky
6. Vocal—Song Cycle, In a Brahmin Garden ..... Frederick Knight Logan.
   (a) Lo, 'Tis the Hour.
   (b) Fair Radha.
   (c) Ganges Boat Song.
   (d) Krishna's Lament.
7. Piano—Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2 ..... Liszt
8. Vocal—(a) Love Took me Softly by the Hand ..... W. O. Forsyth
   (b) Forethought ..... Lambert
   (c) Love Me ..... Tosti
   (d) Contentment ..... Hastings

It is pleasant to note that there is a song in the list written by a local composer—"Love Took Me Softly by the Hand," by Mr. W. O. Forsyth. This is the proper spirit and the best way to foster local art.

* * *

MISS AUGUSTA COTTLOW, whom the committee of the Mendelssohn Choir has engaged for the Saturday night concert, has been meeting with enthusiastic success wherever she has appeared this season. Some of the critics are prophesying that she will be a worthy successor to Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler. This concert promises to be one of the most notable of the series, inasmuch as the programme will be given by Miss Cottlow and the Choir without the Orchestra. Dr. Vogt will be able to show the versatility of his chorus. Several distinguished newspaper men from out of town who want to judge of the intrinsic merits of the choir have made arrangements to attend this concert.

The programme for the extra concert on Thursday night has not yet been announced, but it will be worthy of the two great organizations and their friends who have made the extra concert necessary. The quartette of soloists for "Caractacus" have been adding to their reputations this season. Mr. Hamlin was most favorably noticed in the New York papers after his recital. Mrs. Rider-Kelsey has been engaged to sing in a New York church at the highest salary ever paid in that extravagant city. Mr. Frederic Martin is the only newcomer, and his appearance is being looked forward to because of the praise his singing at the Worcester Festival received. His work in "Caractacus" is the best he has done. Mr. Cunningham has taken the foremost place among baritones, and is in constant demand. He also scored a fine success at Worcester. Altogether this promises to be a worthy celebration of the centenary of Mendelssohn, and the finest cycle of concerts ever given by the great Choir that bears his name.

* * *

A RECENT photograph shows Emil Paur more like the man I knew in Mannheim, before sorrow and care had come to him. For the first time in his career he has a free hand in the selection of his men and his programmes, and the result has been increased efficiency of the orchestra. Added to this is the completion of his *magnum opus*, his first symphony, "In der Natur," which was successfully produced on the 15th, amid the greatest enthusiasm. Both the local and visiting critics pronounce it a master work, and the public has stamped it with approval. All these things make for the renewing of one's youth, and the photograph referred to is proof positive that we shall have a rejuvenated Emil Paur when he and the Pittsburg Orchestra come to assist the Schubert Choir.

Judging from the critical analysis, Mr. Paur has written a work that is both modern and melodious. This is so widely commented upon that one might think that the gift of melody had been taken away from the moderns, but at any rate Mr. Paur has been credited with a happy combination of beautiful melody unobscured by a thoroughly modern treatment. Being a healthy-minded, full-blooded lover of nature, the composer went direct to her for his inspiration, and then uttered his impressions with all the resource of the modern orchestra at his command. He has not tried to philosophize nor analyze, but appeals directly to the senses of the hearer in the same way that a bird's song, a glorious sunset, or a magnificent forest does. There are some people who object to sunsets because they have so little form; to others that is one of its chiefest beauties. To such a one "In der Natur" may not be good music, but the fact that it held and delighted a mixed audience proves that Paur has touched the heart of things.

* * *

Mr. Albert Archdeacon, who made his first appearance here with the Westminster Glee Singers, and more recently was here with Sir Frederick Bridge, has arranged a cycle of concerts at Capetown, South Africa. Five programmes will be given with a chorus and orchestra of five hundred performers under the baton of Dr. Barrow Dowling. Mr. Archdeacon has engaged Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss to go out and conduct a performance of "Pan," as a representative of Canada. Thus, the art of music is playing her part in the work of Empire. Dr. Harriss will sail early in June.

* * *

Miss Lillian M. Kirby has been very successful with her pupils of late. One of them, Miss Edith M. Parker, has been appointed contralto soloist at the Cowan Avenue Presbyterian Church.

* * *

Mr. Wheeldon's programme for this afternoon has several novelties which will be interesting to musicians and music-lovers. Among them are a new work of his own, which he has named "Intermezzo Orientale," and two compositions by Massenet and Delibes, which make use of the chimes. He will also play the "Overture to William Tell" and three movements from a suite by Gounod. Last Saturday's recital drew the largest audience of the season and the increase of interest has been very encouraging.

* * *

One of the fruits of the Male Chorus work that Mr. Tripp has inaugurated at the University, is a new marching song, the words by Mr. Silcox and the music by Mr. Clayton Bush. The melody is spontaneous and has a well-marked rhythm; just the sort of thing to start a lot of men to singing. It is pleasant to note such an early result of this movement, and more are sure to follow.

* * *

The pupils of Mr. Frank C. Smith will be heard in recital at St. George's Hall next Saturday, the 6th of February. Mr. Smith has been one of our most successful violin teachers, and his pupils' recitals are never wearisome.

* * *

Mr. F. H. Burt, Mus. Bac., of the Conservatory staff, assisted by Miss Ada J. F. Twohy, pianiste, gives a recital to-night at the Conservatory. His programme has been selected from Mozart, Handel, Gounod, Mendelssohn, MacDowell, and Schubert. Miss Twohy is to play the piano transcription of the prelude to the third act of Kistler's opera "Kunihild," which the Toronto Symphony Orchestra played at its last concert.

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At the breakfast table one morning a small boy was repeating what a neighbor had said as to Mr. William Taft's good qualities: his dignity, friendliness, wisdom, and so on, adding earnestly: "And Mr. Brown says that he has abdominal courage!" —Life.

"De po' child died fum eatin' too much watahmillion."

"Hoh! Dar ain't no sich-uh thing as too much watahmillion."

"Well, den, dar wasn't enough boy."—Exchange.

Many men make the mistake of letting their reputation influence their character.—Life.

ANECDOTAL

CONCERNING the Scottish reprobation of whistling on the Sabbath, Dean Ramsay has a characteristic story. A famous Glasgow artist met an old Highland acquaintance unexpectedly.

"Donald, what brought you here?"

"Ou, weel, sir, it was a baad place yon; they were baad folk—but they're a God fearin' set of folk here."

"Well, Donald, I'm glad to hear it."

Ou, ay, sir, 'deed are they; and I'll gie ye an instance o't. Last Sabbath just as the kirk was skallin' there was a drover chield frae Dumfries comin' along the road whistlin', an' lookin' as happy as if it was ta middle o' the week. Weel, sir, oor laads is a God fearin' set o' laads, an' they were just comin' oot o' the kirk—'od they yekit upon him an' a'most killed him."

* * *

HE had made his "pile" very quickly, and chiefly by "plunging." Not long ago he visited the little town where he was born and brought up. He was in too much of a hurry to stay long. In point of fact his stay lasted five hours. The newspaper the next day came out with this brief table of his activities while in his home town. It is significant, and doubtless characteristic.

Called on his old mother.

Got shaved by the town barber, and gave him a ten-dollar gold piece.

Threw showers of quarters and half dollars to the street boys.

Was run home by a curious crowd.

Bought a stock farm for twenty-five thousand dollars, and gave it to an old friend.

Visited the Home for Boys, which he founded when he first made his money.

Yelled at the son of a friend to come and go to Europe with him, and took him along.

Left for the coast at midnight with his wife and son, after one of the greatest days of his life.

* * *

A WESTERN lawyer tells of a remarkable instance of the convincing power of feminine logic as evidenced by an occurrence which he once witnessed while standing on the edge of a crowd that was besieging the doors of a bank in a town across the border, supposed to be on the point of suspending payment.

A conversation between a rosy-cheeked Irish woman and her husband, who were near the lawyer, at once attracted his attention.

"Mary," said the man, "we must push up so ye can dhraw your money at onct!"

"But I don't want to draw it out, Roger," replied Mary, placidly.

"Don't ye know, Mary," persisted the husband, that they'll lose your money for ye if ye don't hurry t' dhraw it out?"

"An' shure, Roger," retorted Mary, "ain't they better able to lose it than we are?"

Roger was stunned by this unanswerable logic, and after a few more words the two withdrew. Fortunately, the bank survived its difficulties, and no depositor lost a cent.

* * *

MOST children ar good observers and quick to use the knowledge acquired through keenness. Little Janet had evidently spent part of her day in the kitchen and had overheard remarks made by the cook. On this particular night she made her evening petition in these words:

"God bless me, bless father and mother and everybody, make me a good girl, keep me pure—pure as Smith's baking powder. Amen."

* * *

A NEW YORKER, a big game hunter of many years' experience, was lion shooting in Uganda. He had excellent luck. Nearly every day he posed in a complacent attitude beside a freshly-killed lion, and his photographer snapped him for the magazines.

One afternoon the photographer, who was taking a nap in the hut, was awakened by a loud noise. He rose and looked out. Sprinting toward him from the jungle, hat gone and coat tails flying, came his chief, and with terrible roars and growls a huge lion bounded at his heels.

The photographer gazed spellbound at the strange and exciting picture. His chief, perceiving him, shouted:

"Quick, quick! Open the door, George! I'm bringing him home alive!"

MOST of us are acquainted with the person who asks obvious questions—the sort of man who stops you in the middle of a headlong rush and asks you if you are in a hurry. Mr. E is one of the pests ,and during a walk abroad the other morning he paused in astonishment outside a friend's house. Before it stood three huge moving vans; the lawn was almost covered with articles of furniture of various sorts—pictures, wardrobes and china. And there was his old friend B., begrimed, weary and ill-tempered, directing operations in his shirt-sleeves.

"What B.," exclaimed Mr. E., "are you moving?"

"Not at all—not at all," snapped B., with elaborate sarcasm, "I'm taking my furniture out for a ride!"

* * *

A MAN who stuttered badly went to a specialist, and after ten difficult lessons learned to say quite distinctly, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him upon this splendid achievement.

"Yes," said the man doubtfully, "but it's s-s-such a d-d-deucedly d-d-d-difficult rem-mark to w-w-work into an ordin-n-nary c-c-convers-s-sa-tion, y' know."

* * *

IT sometimes happens that a young man, who is a regular lion on the football field, in a boat crew, or in a race, is tame enough when set to work. Here is a story of such a young man:

"Football!" growled the angry father. "Ugh!"

"But surely," said his friend, "your son won high honors in football at his college?"

"He did," assented the father.

"First he was a quarter back——"

"Yes."

"Then a halfback——"

"Yes."

"Then a fullback——"

"Yes."

"And now—what is he now?"

"Now," roared the father, "he is a hunchback!"

* * *

ONE small boy had a rubber tired velocipede, and the other had one of these automobile waggons with a long bonnet in front which work by means of kicking at pedals. They were riding along on the same street. The little boy on the velocipede said:

"Now, you be a man in an automobile and I'll be a bicycle policeman. You must be riding the other way."

The small boy in the automobile pedalled away and wheeled around at the top of the block to come back. He rode discreetly by where the small policeman was standing alongside his wheel. The automobilist saluted ingratiatingly and the policeman gruffly and grudgingly returned the greeting. Then as the automobile went by the policeman swung on his velocipede and gave chase. At the corner he caught up and said:

"Slow down."

The other lad did so, and the policeman circled around the car, in a splendid imitation of the approved manner of bicycle squad men.

"D'ye know how fast you were going?" he demanded fiercely.

"No, sir," replied the chauffeur of No. 7, as the machine was marked.

"You were going twenty-two and a half miles an hour from the tree to the lamp-post and that's against the law. Come around to the station house." Then they both shrieked in glee.

Presently along came a small boy riding in one of those carts that move when you pedal, but at every stroke of his feet, two boards, one on either side of the seat, rose and fell. The bicycle policeman halted him and told him he was breaking the law.

"G'wan," said the newcomer, "this is a flying machine and you cops haven't got anything to do with us." —New York Sun.

THE story is told of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening," and persuaded her reluctant husband to remain at home and help her receive the fifty guests who were asked to participate in this intellectual feast.

The first author was dull enough, but the second was worse. Moreover, the rooms were intolerably warm. So, on pretense of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found a servant comfortably asleep on the settle.

"Wake up," shouted the host in the man's ear. "Wake up, I say. You must have been listening at the keyhole."

* * *

A PROMINENT lawyer of a certain small town, who, after two months of widowhood, took unto himself another spouse, was very indignant when he read in one of the local papers the following notice of his marriage:

"The wedding was very quiet, owing to a recent bereavement in the bridegroom's family."

* * *

THE question of how to melt the Solid South is a big problem confronting United States politicians —Republican politicians especially, of course. From a Canadian standpoint, it seems, that the suppression of such stories as the following in northern papers might prove a contributing factor:

Two northern business men, passing through a barren region of the South, paused one day before a hopeless, tumble-down habitation, one of them exclaiming:

"Poor creatures! How do they ever make a living from such land!"

At this, the sagging door of the hut slowly opened, a tall, lanky, poor white appearing, who drawled out to them:

"Looky here, strangers, I ain't so durned poor ez you think I am. I don't own all this yere land; I jest own the house."

* * *

ONCE, before he was President, Andrew Jackson was making a political speech in some obscure campaign in a backwoods Tennessee district. His address was very well received, but somehow there did not seem exactly the enthusiasm wanted for the occasion. Having vainly tried to "warm up" his hearers, the General was just going to sit down when the chairman of the meeting plucked him by the coat tail. "For the Lord's sake, General, give 'em some Latin!" he hurriedly whispered in the speaker's ear. "They won't think you know anything at all if you quit like this. Smith, the opposition candidate, talked Latin to 'em half the evening."

Old Hickory rose to the situation. Advancing to the edge of the platform, he extended his arm and thundered out: "E pluribus unum! Sic semper tyrannis! Habeas corpus!"

The audience roared with applause. The credit of the orator was saved, and the Jackson ticket won out in that county.

* * *

MONSIEUR CLAUDE, chief of the Paris police, was ordered on one occasion to arrest an escaped prisoner who had defrauded the Government. At the time Paris was wild over the songs of Pierre Jean de Beranger, which was heard everywhere, though the poet himself was little known. In his hunt after the convict, Claude entered the famous Closerie des Lilas, where he found his man surrounded by a swarm of pretty girls, the bewitching danseuses of the Latin quarter.

The escaped prisoner saw him and turned pale. Quick as lightning, however, he put his lips to the ear of the girl nearest to him and whispered, "It is Beranger." In a moment all the beauties surrounded Claude, hemming him in. They bowed to him and embraced him, and threw bouquets of flowers over him.

The music stopped, the dancers joined the throng and with one voice cried, "Vive Beranger! Vive Beranger!" The delight at finding their song-writing hero in their midst intoxicated them, and poor Claude was powerless. He was so embarrassed by their embraces, and the flowers and compliments showered on him, that he could neither move nor speak, and the convict managed to escape before the clever trick was discovered.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE lecture given by Miss Emily Vaughan Jenkins on Thursday of last week, to which invitations were sent by the Women's Historical Society, took place before a crowded audience in the lecture room of the Canadian Institute, and was voted by those most interested in matters of Canadian development a very great success, tracing as it did the artistic record of the progress of the land from the occupancy of the red Indian to the present day. Many noted Canadian artists are not among those whose work and names were used, as their paintings were not of Canadian types or scenery, and the lecture was "Canada, illustrated by Canadian Artists," and only included some of the painters who are sons of the great Dominion. Miss Jenkins has spent much time and trouble in securing material for this lecture, having been in Canada since last spring and returning to-day by the Minneapolis for a visit to England, after which she will probably come back and spend some years in travel here. The colored lantern slides, which were mostly done by David Howell, of Lambton Mills, by the three color process direct from the original paintings, make a collection which is, I am told, the first of its kind in this country, and which adds much to the value and interest of the lecture. The artists named and illustrated were Paul Kane, Daniel Fowler, Otto Jacobi, Cornelius Krieghoff, Allan Edson, Lucius O'Brien, John Fraser, Paul Peel, Hammond, Verner, Harris, Reid, McGillivray Knowles, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Knowles, Miss Spurr, Manley, Gagen, Brigden, Jeffreys, Holmes, Watson, Cullen, Brymner, Bell-Smith, Cruikshank, Brownell, and two or three others. The "Wayside Cross" by McGillivray Knowles came out very well indeed on the slide, I am told, but not having been able to hear and see for myself, I cannot do the lecture justice in this account. Miss Jenkins intends delivering it in London later on, and has been most careful, by submitting it to capable supervision, to ensure the accuracy of all facts. Her patience and perseverance in securing material are unbounded, and no doubt will be even better appreciated in the old land, where good thorough work is the rule, than in this country of impressionism and nervous haste. She has the courage, at all events, to let us see beforehand just what she is going to tell our English friends about us. Principal Hutton, of Toronto University, took the chair at Miss Jenkins' lecture, and many of the leading people in intellectual circles were in the large audience.

The death of the Most Reverend the Primate and the funeral obsèquies on Wednesday, caused a postponement of several social events. The conversazione at Trinity College was postponed from the 28th to some future date. Mrs. Hagarty postponed her tea, and the meeting of the ladies interested in the subscription ball after Easter was postponed until next Wednesday at Mrs. Machell's at the same hour. Mrs. Jarvis, 258 Jarvis street, also postponed a tea.

Mrs. Cecil Gibson is giving a tea on Monday.

Miss Hagarty and Miss Mary Wrinch are giving a tea in their studio next Wednesday.

Mrs. George Ridout, 6 Spadina gardens, gave a tea yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. William Northcote Geare, of Chicago, announces the marriage of her daughter, Mary Lillian Northcote, and Mr. William Arthur Jenkins, on Saturday, the sixteenth of January, at Chicago.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Lilian McGlashan, of The Pines, Niagara Falls, Ont., only daughter of the late Mr. Leonard McGlashan, and Mr. Norman Baldwin Stark, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Arthur Dean, recently of Toronto, now of Chatham, sail from New York on January 28 on Hamburg American line, for a four months' trip to the Orient, including Egypt and the Holy Land.

Dr. George W. Badgerow has been appointed surgeon to the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, Golden Square, London, Eng. This hospital was founded in 1863 by the late Sir Morell Mackenzie.

The Marchesi-Huntley concert on Monday night got a large audience, and whether they found it worth while or not, it was certainly an interesting concert for several reasons. Miss Gertrude Huntley looked very pretty, and played delightfully; she should acquire enough stage manner to bow gracefully when she is brought back. This is not a criticism but a suggestion called forth by the interest taken in her complete equipment for the concert stage. She is a real artiste, and a pleasure to see and hear, and her friends were nobly recognizant of her merits, sending up baskets and armfuls of flowers without end. As for *la Marchesi*, so bountiful a songstress has never before filled a Toronto stage. She was as funny as could be at times; at others, well, do you love the Erlkonig, and have you memories? People admired her *aplomb*, her method of making one believe she could sing, and some of her little soprano notes. The "method" especially was mentioned with bated breath by those seriously minded. The rest of us were badly in need of a laugh. The whole matter was contained in the selection the audience made of the songs to be encored. Madame Marchesi wore a simple and exquisite gown of palest pink, some diamonds on the corsage, and several stars of diamonds in her soft brown hair. She was not to be denied in having her own way, and when the glaring footlights were not turned off at her word, she informed the audience by a significant gesture that she'd see! and went off the stage after the light man, and the lights were turned off. Her nod of satisfaction at the result raised a laugh. She was very funny in announcing "I lost it" to account for not singing "Si mes vers avient des ailes," and also in filling in the information lacking in the programme that "My own worthy person" would sing something further on. Among those at the concert were many of her fellow countrymen and women, including Mr. and Mde. Rochereau de la Sabliere, Mr. St. Elme de Champ and Mrs. F. C. Young, while other were Lady Clark, Miss Elise Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Smith, their guest, Miss Chrysler of Ottawa, Mr. Chrysler of Stanley Barracks, Miss Bessie Caldwell, Miss Marguerite Fleury, Mrs. Scott Griffin, the Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Miss Constance Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Plumb, Miss Dickson, Dr. A. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, Mrs. H. C. Cox, Mrs. Fisher and Miss Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Walker, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Moore, Lady Moss, Mr. Moss, Mr. Ernest Kortright, Mr. Rathbun, Mrs. C. Grasett, the Misses Morgan, Mr. Jack Cawthra, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. A. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williamson, Mrs. Miller Lash, Mr. and Mrs. Goulding, Mrs. Byford, Mrs. A. R. McMaster, Mr. Gerald Larkin, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, Miss Gooderham, Mr. Walter Beardmore, Miss Lemley, Mr. Mickle, a bright box party were in box D, and many other well known people in the audience.

The Aura Lee Club dance at McConkey's on Tuesday night was one of the best of the young folks' dances this year, and the tale which has been told me from year to year of the high average of good looks and good dancing for which this club is noted was short of the truth, for very rarely are so many attractive girls and good looking men gathered for an evening frolic as assembled at the Aura Lee Club dance this week. The patronesses who occupied the seats of the mighty on the cosy dais were Lady Mulock in a rich black lace and sequin gown, Mrs. Charles Ritchie, who had a son and daughter in the club, and the former a busy and capable member of the committee; Mrs. Mercer J. Adams in a dainty black lace gown and prettily arranged coiffure, Mrs. R. M. Pentecost in black and mauve, Mrs. David Fasken in *vieux rose* with white lace, Mrs. Forsythe Grant in a pretty light silk, and Miss Falconbridge, who came proxy for her sister-in-law, Lady Falconbridge in black satin. The Aura Lee Club combines church work, athletics, amusement and sports with the happiest results, evidenced by the tone and style of its members, whose *savoir faire* might be emulated by more pretentious institutions with much benefit to the latter. A more gentlemanly lot of hosts could not be gotten together than the Aura Lee men. Mr. J. Edmond Jones, the president, and Mr. R. S. Wollatt, the honorary secretary, with Messrs. R. M. Adams, C. F. McHenry, R. S. Pentecost, J. E. Laurence, P. Joliffe, and Forsyth Ritchie were a body of busy folk, looking after the guests, arranging the supper parties, and generally giving up much of their own fun for the benefit of their guests. The music and floor were capital, and shortly after eleven a dainty supper was served in the cafe, a table being reserved for the patronesses and the men of the committee. Among the many pretty girls were Miss Gillies in pale blue silk, with lace bertha, and her younger sister in palest pink, with a quaint coiffure exactly suiting her delicately pretty face; Miss Houston Walker in a dainty light gown, Miss Cecil Denison in pale blue silk, Miss Lois Moyes in pale mauve, Miss Mona Murray in pink, Miss Lorna Murray in a delicate light mousseline, Miss Macolm in white, and Miss Nita Millman in white, and blue striped silk, Miss Maud Weir looked pretty in pink, in fact pink was a favorite shade, and every type of graceful, attractive, girlish beauty looked well in it. There were more men than girls, and the dance was consequently kept up with much vigor, the lucky partners encoring again and again, to keep their ladies fair as long as possible. Everything went with the greatest *verve* from start to finish, and the club may be congratulated on having really had one of the best dances of the season.

Many friends who enjoyed the clever conference given last year by Madame Bivert will keep February 20 free for her next one. I shall give further particulars later on, when people will be reminded of the date.

Monsieur Paul Balbaud lectured last week on the dramatic works of Victor Hugo. This Friday the subject of his lecture at three o'clock in the Canadian Institute was "La Justice Sous la Terreur." Next Friday, February 5, Monsieur Balbaud will lecture on the Empress Josephine de Beauharnais.

The annual reunion and dance of the Harbord Graduates' Association will be held in the Harbord Collegiate building on Friday evening, February 5. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Alice Rothwell, 241 Dunn avenue; Miss Hazel Keith, 416 Markham street; Miss Ruth McKibbon, 196 Spadina avenue; Miss G. F. Willcocks, 5 Bellevue avenue; Mr. C. A. Scott, 33 Gwynne avenue; Mr. F. W. Clark, 669 Spadina avenue; Mr. L. T. Acton, 87 Glen road; Mr. Wm. Foulds, 70 Spadina road, or Mr. C. E. Durand, Metropolitan Bank, 40-46 King street west.

Some of the very prettiest of last autumn's debutantes made their bow to the Viceregal pair at Ottawa during the Drawing-room held in the Senate Chamber last Saturday night. Miss Kemp of Castle Frank and Miss Alice Gordon Mills, two Rosedale belles, were greatly admired; both were in white satin and carrying pink roses and lily of the valley. Miss Kemp's delicately pretty face and slight figure, and Miss Gordon Mills' *riante* and Hebe-like charms and brilliant coloring, being a contrast both attractive and piquant. Miss Amy Saunders, a beauty of this season was also in white satin; Miss Edith Cochrane, a Rosedale belle, wore a graceful white crepe de soie gown, and carried roses. The Misses Schoenberger were also in white, Miss Norah Gwynn wore primrose satin, Miss Muriel Jarvis white chiffon velvet, and Miss Flora Macdonald violet satin, Miss Mabel Mabee wore a pretty white gown, and all these young faces were made extra pretty by the regulation court veils and feathers which lend a quaint touch of dignity to the most mischievous and dashing belle. Some of the more experienced frequenters of a function which is always a trial of the composure of the "first nighter," say that Toronto never sent so attractive a party as made their bows last Saturday night. Miss Mortimer Clark was a guest at Rideau Hall, and wore white satin touched with silver at the Drawing-room. Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, who was staying with Mrs. Otter, attended the Drawing-room in a white satin gown veiled in an overdress of embroidered net. Among the Senators' ladies, Mrs. J. K. Kerr queened it as wife of the Speaker in pale blue satin with handsome white lace, Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore a rich lace gown over white satin with colored embroideries, Mrs. William Gibson of Beamsville was in a Parisian gown of pale orchid satin, with filet embroideries and carried orchids. A pretty Toronto matron was Mrs. J. W. McWhinney, who wore pale blue satin with lace *diamante* and jewelled buttons. A smart group of out of town people at the Drawing-room were Mrs. Major Sam. Sharpe, of Uxbridge, who wore a handsome gown of silk net over taffeta, beautifully embroidered in shades of gold to brown, ornaments of gold and pearls, and boquet of roses; Mrs. William H. Sharpe, of Lisgar, Man., who wore an Empire gown of maize colored silk chiffon over cream satin duchess; the yoke was trimmed with Persian embroidery, pearl ornaments and boquet of roses; Mrs. Geo. A. Clare, of Preston, who wore white charmeuse with gold lace trimmings, and large boquet of white roses; Miss Clare, who wore pale yellow crepe duchess, with pink and gold on bodice, and carried yellow roses.

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545 Brunswick Ave. 419 Parliament St.
Esplanade E. Near Berkeley St.
Esplanade E. Foot of Church St.
Bathurst St. Opposite Front St.
Pape Ave. At G.T.R. Crossing.
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The DOMINION BANK

Proceedings of the Thirty-Eighth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders.

The Thirty-eighth Annual General Meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the Institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, 27th January, 1909.

Among those present were noticed: Dr. Grasett, A. M. Nanton, A. Foulds, J. H. Maclaren, Andrew Semple, Hon. J. J. Foy, W. E. Booth, E. B. Osler, C. W. Band, W. Crocker, R. M. Gray, Dr. J. F. Ross, V. H. E. Hutcheson, Alex. C. Morris, S. Samuel, A. Monro Grier, F. J. Harris (Hamilton), Wm. Glenney (Oshawa), W. C. Lee, A. R. Boswell, G. N. Reynolds, Ira Standish, H. B. Hodgins, Barlow Cumberland, H. S. Harwood, Stewart Houston, Capt. Jessopp, J. T. Small, C. Walker, Wm. Ross (Port Perry), R. J. Christie, H. Gordon Mackenzie, Col. Sir H. M. Pellatt, Wm. Mulock, jr., W. C. Crowther, Richard Forster (Bowmanville), Geo. D. Scott, Jacob E. Pinkle, W. R. Brock, W. D. Matthews, Temple Blackwood, A. W. Austin, J. J. Dixon, Dr. Andrew Smith, L. A. Hamilton, E. W. Langley, David Smith, Richard Brown, Thos. Walmsley, Robt. Mills (Hamilton), J. C. Eaton, James Matthews, A. H. Campbell, jr., W. H. Cawthra, J. G. Ramsey, Mrs. Adamson, James Scott, C. A. Bogert, H. J. Bethune, and others.

It was moved by Mr. A. W. Austin, seconded by Dr. A. Smith, that Mr. E. B. Osler do take the chair and that Mr. C. A. Bogert do act as Secretary. Messrs. A. R. Boswell and A. H. Campbell, jr., were appointed Scrutineers.

The Secretary read the Report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:—

To the Shareholders:

The Directors beg to present the following Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 31st December, 1908:

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st December, 1907		$235,140 61
Premium received on new Capital Stock		148,274 75
Profit for the year ending 31st December, 1908, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making provision for bad and doubtful debts		641,318 11
Making a total of		$1,024,733 47
Which has been disposed of as follows:		
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 1st April, 1908.	$116,502 81	
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 2nd July, 1908.	118,161 75	
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 1st October, 1908	119,365 50	
Dividend 3 per cent., payable 2nd January, 1909	119,432 58	
	$473,462 64	
Written off Bank Premises	100,000 00	
Transferred to Reserve Fund	148,274 75	
		721,737 39
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward		$302,996 08
RESERVE FUND.		
Balance at credit of account, 31st December, 1907		$4,833,456 87
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account		148,274 75
		$4,981,731 62

At the Annual Meeting in January, 1908, your Directors in their Report to the Shareholders, made reference to the unusual financial conditions then prevailing and the policy which it was considered advisable to pursue in conducting the affairs of the Bank. Since then a marked change has taken place—there has been a steady contraction in the trade of the country and the demand for banking accommodation has been limited, although we now find an improvement in this respect and can confidently look for a gradual expansion in business. A crop somewhat above the average was harvested, and the proceeds distributed through the country, which has tended largely to increase deposits. From the causes just mentioned the Cash Reserves of the Bank have been particularly strong for some months and the percentage of liquid assets is exceptionally high.

In January, 1908, we took over Branches of the Sovereign Bank at Baden, Linwood, Marmora, Mount Albert, New Dundee and Pefferlaw—the Pefferlaw Office was subsequently closed.

Branches have also been established at the corner of King and Wentworth Streets, Hamilton; on Upper Sherbourne Street, Toronto, and at Wawota, Sask. It is our intention to shortly erect an office at the corner of St. Clair Avenue and Vaughan Road, Toronto, where a site has recently been purchased.

Further expenditures have been made at Avenue Road Branch, Toronto; at Fort William and Windsor, Ont.; at the North End Branch, Winnipeg; at Selkirk and Deloraine, Man., and at Grenfell and Regina, Sask., to an extent fully warranted by the importance of the Bank's interests at these points.

In connection with the issue of $1,000,000 of new Capital Stock in 1907, it is worthy of note that the amount subscribed for has now been paid in full.

A special Committee of your Directors has completed the customary verification of the general Balance Sheet of the Bank, as on 31st December, 1908, including the certification of our funds in the hands of Foreign Agents. They have also examined and found correct the Cash Reserves, Investments and Securities as shown on the statement presented.

All Branches of the Bank have been thoroughly inspected during the year.

E. B. OSLER,
President.

The Report was adopted.

The thanks of the Shareholders were tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services during the year, and to the General Manager and other Officers of the Bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

The following gentlemen were duly elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, James Carruthers, R. J. Christie, J. C. Eaton, J. J. Foy, K.C., M.L.A., W. D. Matthews, A. M. Nanton and E. B. Osler, M.P.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., was elected President, and Mr. W. D. Matthews, Vice-President, for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES.

Notes in Circulation		$ 3,087,539 00
Deposits not bearing interest	$ 5,114,040 35	
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	32,799,056 46	
		37,913,096 81
Deposits by other Banks in Canada		330,643 63
Balances due to Banks in the United States		33,874 81
Total liabilities to the Public		41,365,154 25
Capital Stock paid-up		3,983,392 38
Reserve Fund		4,981,731 62
Balance of Profits carried forward		302,996 08
Dividend No. 105, payable 2nd January, 1909		119,432 58
Former Dividends unclaimed		102 75
Reserved for Exchange, etc		14,015 00
Reserved for rebate on Bills Discounted		114,556 56
		$50,881,381 22

ASSETS.

Specie	$1,138,165 89	
Dominion Government Demand Notes	4,766,913 00	
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	2,201,455 24	
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	281,542 16	
Balance due by Agents in Great Britain	164,927 72	
Balances due from other Banks elsewhere than in Canada and Great Britain	1,521,556 29	
	$10,074,560 30	
Provincial Government Securities	335,456 26	
Canadian Municipal Securities and British or Foreign or Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	672,666 28	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	3,523,192 03	
Loans on Call secured by Stocks and Debentures	3,261,660 75	
		17,866,535 62
Bills Discounted and Advances Current	30,960,438 90	
Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation	160,000 00	
Loans to other Banks in Canada, secured	668,219 22	
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	53,362 33	
Real Estate, other than Bank Premises	95,600 00	
Mortgages	41,886 44	
Bank Premises	1,020,000 00	
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads	15,338 70	
		33,014,845 59
		$50,881,381 22

C. A. BOGERT,
General Manager.

Toronto, 31st December, 1908.

ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER
Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

E. HOPKINS BURIAL CO
(B. Hopkins) UNDERTAKERS
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SOCIETY

DURING the Winter Carnival in Montreal a fancy dress ball will be given in the new wing of the Windsor Hotel, on the evening of February 15. The ball will be held under the patronage of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess Grey. Arrangements are also being made for a fancy dress drive in which hundreds of decorated cutters and sleighs will take part under the direction of a marshal.

Although the notice given in the papers of the sale of Ravenswood to Mr. John C. Eaton was a bit premature, no papers having been signed, I believe Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs is expected out to conclude the transaction immediately. Mr. and Mrs. Dyment's lease is not out for some time, but I hear they would move as soon as they can find a suitable residence. Mrs. Arthurs will not make any stay in Canada.

Miss Rosamond Boultbee is visiting her relative, Rev. Frederick Boultbee, at his rectory in England.

Mrs. Van der Linde is in Arizona. Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell are at Atlantic City. Miss Helen Matthews is in Ottawa. Miss Denison, of Rusholme, is visiting Mrs. Tylee, in Montreal. Mrs. Cody's tea, dated for yesterday, was postponed until Friday, February 12, out of respect to the memory of the late Primate.

Mrs. A. Ireland had a delightful tea for girls the other afternoon in the Ladies' Club. She and her daughter, Miss Harriette, are always the best of hostesses, and the girls enjoyed the tea extremely. A few married friends were also invited.

The stewards of the Rose ball are Mr. Cattanach, Mr. V. Nordheimer, Mr. Clement Pepler, Mr. S. Fellowes, Mr. H. Walker, Mr. Heron, Mr. G. Alexander, Mr. A. Gooderham, Mr. R. Nordheimer, Mr. Grubbe, Mr. Rathbun, Mr. C. Fellowes, Mr. H. Gzowski, Mr. N. Gzowski, Mr. H. Baldwin, Mr. C. Plummer.

Mrs. Carr Simpson and Miss Simpson, 97 Roxborough west, will receive on the afternoon of Friday, February 5, from four to six.

Toronto friends who were not able to attend the marriage of Mr. Stanley Lucas and Miss Mary Glassco last Saturday sent many good wishes to the pair. During his Trinity student days, Mr. Lucas was always *persona grata* in the most happy circles, and his bride has many friends here also. The marriage took place in the Church of the Ascension, the Bishop of Niagara and Canon Wade officiating.

Mr. Cameron Nelles Wilson, of St. Andrew's College, has one of his characteristic and charming little stories in February Munsey's. Mr. Wilson's name is appearing quite frequently in good connection in the States, where his writings are much appreciated.

There is a strong play, well played at the Alexandra this week, and the next offering of May Robson in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" is said to be as worthy of being seen as its predecessor.

The officers' indoor baseball games at the Armories last Saturday evening attracted the largest crowd this year, and they left nothing to be desired from a spectator's point of view. In the first game the Queen's Own succeeded in defeating the ex-Officers' team, although the latter put up a very good fight. Major Barker "in the box" for the ex-Officers pitched a steady game for the first few innings, and Capt. Douglas Young, who succeeded him was very fast, but a trifle wild. But he did good work.

The game following between the Grenadiers and the Highlanders stirred up tremendous excitement as far as the first seven innings. The "Grens" kept the lead, but the wily Scots pulled themselves together and won in the eighth innings.

After the games a very nice little tea was served in the officers' anteroom, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham and Mrs. W. C. Macdonald presiding.

To-night the 48th will meet the ex-Officers and the Grenadiers the Queen's Own. The four patronesses for the evening are Mrs. V. A. S. Williams, Stanley Barracks; Mrs. C. W. Darling, Mrs. D. McGillivary, and Mrs. F. Winnett.

The committee of the High Park Golf Club dance at the King Edward Hotel, February 4, 1909, wishes to announce that the limit of attendance has been placed at 250, and that as a large number of requests have been made for invitations, those members of the club having made requests for invitations for friends should arrange that tickets be secured for them as early as possible. Tickets may be obtained from the stewards, Messrs. E. V. O'Sullivan, John Miln, Gordon Fleming, L. L. Anthes, D. H. Atkinson, W. Miller, N. G. MacLeod, F. P. Megan, Dr. F. R. Mallory, W. P. McDougall, H. Van der Linde, G. P. Scott, C. W. Rous, W. H. Plant, R. A. Donald, or at the city office of the club, No. 16 King street west.

The Facts in the Case

For Constipation, or tightness of the bowels, the simplest—safest—most agreeable remedy to cure the trouble—no griping or after effects—is unquestionably

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

25c. and 60c. At all dealers.

Nothing quite so completely finishes the little after-theatre supper as a bottle of York Springs Ginger Ale—refreshing, invigorating, irresistible to every palate.

Certainly this cautious spirit thus pervaded the opinions of the Scottish architect who was called upon to erect a building in England upon the long-lease system, so common with Anglican proprietors, but quite new to our friend. When he found the proposal was to build upon the tenure of 999 years, he quietly suggested: "Culd ye no mak it a thousand? 999 years 'll be slippin' awa'."

But of all the cautious and careful answers we ever heard of was one given by a carpenter to an old lady in Glasgow, for whom he was working, and the anecdote is well authenticated. She had offered him a dram and asked him whether he would have it then or wait till his work was done.

"Indeed, mem," he said, "there's been sic a power o' sudden deaths lately that I'll just tak it now."

Roadibility
Accessibility
Comfort

When a salesman offers to sell you a car at One Hundred Dollars or so less than the List Price, don't deceive yourself with the belief that you are thereby getting a special concession. Chances are that, having risen to this tempting bait, you will find on comparing notes with some friend, who has bought a car of the same model, from the same agent, that he has, by driving a hard bargain, obtained a price a hundred or so lower than yours. In other words, any automobile that lacks a fixed and unbreakable Selling Price is not liable to be a safe investment. The "OLDSMOBILE" is one of the few cars that can boast an inflexible price.

What the average man is looking for is a car that will furnish the maximum of service with the minimum of running expense. In this connection, let us remind you of our special agreement, providing for the maintenance of any "OLDSMOBILE" at the nominal charge of $1.00 a week. This we believe to be the best evidence a manufacturer ever gave of supreme faith in his own car. The arguments we can furnish you for the "OLDSMOBILE" are more numerous and more weighty than those advanced by any other manufacturer; but, over and above all argument, is the car itself.

Give us an opportunity to demonstrate for you one of our '09 Models. A spin in an "OLDSMOBILE" will convince you that this car combines the three most desirable automobile characteristics—Roadibility, Accessibility, Comfort.

Frederick Soper, Manager

The OLDSMOBILE CO. OF CANADA, Limited
TORONTO - - - - - ONTARIO

W. L. Stoneburn, City Sales Mgr.

Fishin' Days on Ol' Lizzard.

THEY's just one place I'd like to
be on winter days like these,
An' that ain't 'round no red hot stove
or furnace, if you please;
It ain't in no steam heated flat or office snug an' nice,
It's way down on ol' Lizzard Crick,
a-fishin' through the ice.

I reckon on a day like this the boys
are purty thick
A-tendin' tiltups on the ice all up an'
down the crick;
An' some are spearin' after eels in
perch and bullhead holes,
A-jabbin' in the spongy mud with
long an' limber poles.

An' some are settin' on the bank a-
warmin' hands an' toes
Around the cracklin' driftwood fire
that ev'ry-buddy knows;
Ol' Devil's Fireplace in the bend,
there's where they like to stay
An' brag about the fish they ketched
in some bygone day.

A big log stretched afore the fire an'
here they set an' chin
Until they see a tiltup bog, an' then
they're off ag'in.
Tobacker never tastes so good or
stories seem to please
As down there on ol' Lizzard Crick
on fishin' days like these!

—Joe Cone, in New York Sun.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS

CARSWELL—At Renfrew, Ont., Jan. 19, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Carswell, a son.

MACPHERSON—At The Lady Minto Hospital, New Liskeard, Jan. 25, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Stewart Macpherson, a son (Donald Ferguson.)

ARMSTRONG—At 29 Admiral Road, Toronto, Jan. 22, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Henry Armstrong, a son.

CLARKSON—Ymir, B.C., Jan. 11, 1909, the wife of Robert Clarkson of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

SHORT—BIETTE—At the residence of the bride's parents, 59 Hepbourne St., Toronto, Jan. 9, 1909, by the Rev. W. F. Wilson, Florence Estelle Biette, to Roy H. Short, of Tillsonburg.

STEWART—BODEN—At Meaford, Ont., Jan. 17, 1909, by Rev. W. T. Campbell, Ph.D., Letitia, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Boden, to James A. Stewart, of Toronto.

WAINWRIGHT—ROUTH—At St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, Jan. 25, 1909, by Rev. Canon Spragge, Ada Louise, only daughter of Mr. Lancelot Routh, of Cobourg, to J. Russell Wainwright, of Sudbury, Ont.

SCARLETT—LECKENBY—In Hamilton, Jan. 20, 1909, by the Rev. F. E. Howett, Eleanor Maud Leckenby, of Hamilton, to Dr. Emmett Scarlett, of Powassan, Ont.

DEATHS

SWEATMAN—At the See House, Howland avenue, Toronto, Jan. 24, 1909, the Most Reverend Arthur Sweatman, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Archbishop of Toronto, Primate of All Canada and Metropolitan, in his 75th year.

GALT—At her residence, 627 Jarvis St., Toronto, Jan. 27, 1909, Frances Louise Perkins, widow of the late Sir Thomas Galt, in her 84th year.

HAMMOND—At his residence, 60 Grosvenor St., Jan. 28, 1909, Herbert Carlyle Hammond, eldest son of the late Carlyle Pryce Hammond, of Grafton, and grandson of the late Captain Hammond, R.N., in his 66th year.

The Value and Economy of Bovril

In BOVRIL is concentrated all the stimulating and flavoring qualities of beef plus the Fibrin and Albumen.

These elements give to BOVRIL its high nutritive value and make it different from meat extracts.

A 1lb. bottle will make 50 cups of nourishing bouillon at a cost of 3½ cents each.

ORDER BOVRIL NOW.

Society at the Capital

ALL social events last week paled in the shadow of the two official functions, the opening of Parliament and His Excellency's drawing-room on Thursday and Saturday, but there were even more frequent and delightful than ever. Never before there been so many smart and active visitors in the Capital as there are at present, and they are be-feted on all sides, and in every enjoyable manner. So many luncheons, teas, dinners, and informal gatherings of all kinds are taking place from day to day for the entertainment of these guests that with most of them it is a difficult question to settle as to which of the many can be accepted and how many can be taken in in one day.

✻

THE weather on Thursday for the opening was spring-like, though not bright, and a larger number of the fair sex than ever attended in the Senate Chamber; in fact, a great many were unable to obtain seats on the floor of the House. The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, however, had thoughtfully arranged for this contingency, and had reserved an extra gallery for the overflow, where, as on the floor, evening dress was *en regle*, and a very large number of brilliantly gowned ladies thoroughly enjoyed the gay scene from above, and on the conclusion of the short formalities of the official opening came down, and, mingling with those who were on the floor, attended the receptions given by Mrs. Kerr, wife of Hon. J. K. Kerr, the newly-appointed Speaker of the Senate, and Madame Marcil, wife of Hon. Chas. Marcil, Speaker of the Commons.

Among the unusually handsome costumes, too numerous to mention individually, a few were as follows:

Her Excellency Lady Grey wore a gown of black silk net, embroidered in black silk, the corsage having touches of pink and silver embroidery, the whole being built over purple and gold tissue. Her bouquet was of lily of the valley, and she wore her magnificent tiara and necklace of diamonds and a rope of beautiful pearls. Lady Evelyn Grey wore a very graceful Empire gown of white chiffon with gold embroidery and fringe. Her ornaments were pearls.

Lady Hanbury Williams's gown, a particularly lovely one, was of grey filet net over silk of the same shade, and she wore diamonds.

Mrs. Langford Brooke was in black chiffon over satin, with jet trimmings.

Miss Lyttleton, Their Excellencies' English guest, wore an Empire gown of pale green satin embroidered in silver.

Miss Hanbury Williams was most graceful in a filmy Indian gauze gown over silk, the corsage being covered entirely with exquisite silver embroidery.

Lady Laurier wore a specially beautiful gown of the palest grey chiffon appliqued in velvet of a slightly darker tone, the bodice being embroidered in silver with touches of pale blue, the whole mounted on pale grey satin. She carried a sheaf of American Beauties and wore opals and diamonds.

Mrs. J. K. Kerr was much admired in black velvet, with cut jet trimmings and diamond ornaments. Miss Kerr, in pale pink chiffon and silk was a picture of dainty beauty, and another daughter, Mrs. Wm. Harty, of Kingston, was also in pink, with handsome lace trimmings and wore diamonds.

Mrs. Melvin Jones, of Toronto, wore a handsome gown of violet chiffon with panels of gold embroidery, the bodice also being embroidered in gold. Miss Melvin Jones was in pale blue satin veiled in Brussels lace, with bands of embroidery done in brilliants, the same being on the corsage.

Mrs. Clifford Sifton's gown was of white embroidered net with silver sequins over white satin, the bodice trimmed with opalescent fringe and touches of pale blue velvet. Her guest, Miss Larkin, of Toronto, wore a maize satin gown embroidered in white silk.

Mrs. R. L. Borden's handsome Parisian costume was of pale grey net over satin embroidered in platinum with fringe of the same, and she carried violets. Her guest, Miss Hazel Kemp, of Castle Frank, Toronto, a very pretty debutante, was much admired in an Empire gown of pale pink chiffon over satin embroidered in silver.

Mrs. Harry Housser was in pale pink satin with gold embroidery and Irish lace trimmings. Miss Helen Matthews, her guest from Toronto, was in pale blue.

Mrs. H. B. McGiverin was most artistically gowned in the palest mauve satin, and carried a bouquet of violets. Her visitor, Mrs. David Gillies, of Hamilton, was becomingly gowned in pale yellow satin, embroidered in gold and platinum, with touches of black velvet, and carried a bouquet of lily of the valley.

Mrs. Sweny, of Toronto, looked well in black velvet, with old lace and diamonds.

Mrs. Edward Dunlop, of Pembroke, was very much admired in black satin, heavily embroidered in gold.

✻

AS on former occasions, His Excellency's drawing-room on Saturday night was a dazzling and brilliant scene, and it is said that it most assuredly surpassed anything of the kind that has ever taken place. The dresses were simply gorgeous, and it is difficult to decide which to mention.

Her Excellency, Lady Grey, looked extremely handsome in a Directoire gown of white satin embroidered in wheat design in gold with panels and a court train of apple green velvet. Lady Evelyn Grey was gowned in white chiffon satin with pink tulle draped on the corsage and trimmings of irridescent beads.

Miss Lyttleton was in white Liberty satin.

Miss Mortimer Clark, of Toronto, wore white satin with opalescent passementerie trimmings.

Lady Taschereau wore a beautiful gown of silver tissue trimmed with rhinestone ornaments and carried American Beauties.

Lady Laurier was in mauve chiffon over satin and carried violets.

Mrs. J. K. Kerr wore one of the prettiest costumes of the evening, which was pale blue poplin, with gold embroidery. She wore a tiara, necklace, and bracelets of diamonds, and carried a bouquet of pale pink sweet peas.

Mrs. Charles A. E. Harriss wore a very lovely gown of white net, richly embroidered in crystal and silver over silver tissue and a tiara and necklace of diamonds, and carried a bouquet of violets and lily of the valley. Her guests, the Misses Sara and Ella Schoenberger, of Cincinatti, were charmingly attired, the first in white satin and the latter in white net over satin embroidered by hand, in ribbon. Miss Gertrude Tait, of Toronto, another fair guest of Mrs. Harriss, wore a gown of a beautiful orchid shade of net over satin embroidered in silk of the same shade and carried white roses.

It was noticeable that nearly all the gowns were of satin or velvet, and in almost every instance gold, silver, or heavy silk embroidery figured on the bodices. Light colors were also in the majority, and white was certainly predominant, this fact probably being attributed to the fact that there were, as is usual every year, a large number of debutantes present.

Unfortunately the weather was very wet and disagreeable, but this was hardly a drawback, as the results went to show. After the ceremony, which occupied about two hours, several hostesses entertained at supper parties, which made a fitting ending to the brilliant event.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Jan. 25, 1909.

WHERE TRUTH PREVAILS AS A LIVING FORCE

AND EXAGGERATION IS NOT TOLERATED BY THOSE IN COMMAND—AN AXIOM THAT HAS BEEN THE CHIEF PILLAR IN A BIG BUSINESS.

In this age of strenuous commercialism, where truth counts for little, and dishonest methods frequently take precedence over square dealing even in minor business transactions, one experiences an unusual degree of satisfaction in dealing with a firm where the least misrepresentation on the part of salesmen merits the disapproval of those in command, and not infrequently loses the former their position.

It is, therfore, greatly to the credit of the big tailoring firm of Messrs. Hobberlin Bros. & Co., that an axiom of the business has always been "that truth must prevail" in all transactions throughout the establishment, either in buying or selling, and this vital principle is impressed upon every salesman in the establishment, and that under no consideration whatever will misrepresentation or exaggeration, in order to sell goods, be tolerated by the management. In the earlier stages of the firm's career this principle was made one of the chief pillars in the foundation of the business, and it has remained such with unvarying regularity up to the present. It may be said, too, that it has in no small measure contributed to the building up of the present big tailoring plant. Its result is seen in the confidence of the public the firm enjoys, and the retention, year after year, of thousands of its patrons, who could not be induced to go elsewhere such is their faith in the firm of Hobberlin. Could there be any higher tribute to a concern's business integrity than this? Truly, a consummation devoutly to be praised.

The TRADERS BANK of Canada.

Proceedings of the Twenty-fourth Annual General Meeting of Shareholders

HELD AT THE BANKING HOUSE IN TORONTO.

Among those present were : Messrs. C. D. Warren, Hon. J. R. Stratton, C. Kloepfer, W. J. Sheppard, Alex. Stewart, Seneca Jones, W. J. McAllister, Geo. Watson, E. Galley, H. R. Playtner, J. S. Williamson, L. Bauer, H. H. Strathy, K.C., Frank Hansel, Jas. Young, J. P. Steedman, A. M. Scott, Geo. Mair, Harry G. Horton, E. B. Fairgrieve, Dr. Garrique, J. L. McMurray, A. T. Lowe, J. A. M. Alley, A. D. Robertson, F. W. Bain, R. P. Sherris, C. S. Wilcox, E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., H. S. Strathy, Jas. Linton, A. H. Brown, Geo. LeRiche, Archibald Filshie, R. M. Gilkison, Thos. R. Parker, Albert Kleiser, S. Dillon Mills, J. A. Halbhaus, Joseph Morris, J. K. Niven, J. Reid Simpson, J. P. Hodgins, A. G. Knowles, F. J. Winiow, M. Garvin, G. Reid Simpson, E. Cork, N. Ross, J. A. Laird, N. Hillary, Lt. W. A. P. Durie, A. B. Ord, and Frank W. Strathy.

Moved by Mr. Seneca Jones, seconded by Mr. J. S. Williamson, that Messrs. E. Galley and J. K. Niven be appointed Scrutineers. Carried.

The Chair was taken by the President, Mr. C. D. Warren, and Mr. Stuart Strathy was requested to act as Secretary.

The General Manager then read the following Statement :—

Statement of the Result of the Business of the Bank for the Twelve Months Ending 31st December, 1908.

The net profits for the twelve months, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and reserving accrued interest, amounted to		$500,217 60
Premium on New Stock		100 00
Balance at credit of Profit and Loss last year		25,364 39
		$525,681 99
Appropriated as follows, viz.:		
Dividend No. 48, quarterly, at the rate of 7% per annum		$76,168 29
" " 49, " " " " "		76,174 13
" " 50, " " " " "		76,178 44
" " 51, " " " " "		76,178 66
Written off Bank Premises and Furniture		20,000 00
Transferred to Officers Guarantee Fund		5,000 00
" " " Pension Fund		5,000 00
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss new account		190,982 49
		$525,681 99

General Statement, 31st December, 1908.

LIABILITIES.		
Capital Stock paid up	$4,353,592 00	
Rest Account	2,000,000 00	
Dividend No. 51, payable 2nd January	76,178 66	
Former Dividends unpaid	406 27	
Interest accrued on Deposit Receipts	8,786 80	
Balance of Profits carried forward	190,982 49	
		$6,629,946 22
Notes of the Bank in circulation	2,600,905 00	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	$21,285,685 00	
Deposits not bearing interest	4,099,432 02	
	25,385,117 02	
Balance due to other Banks in Canada	14,021 88	
Deposits from Banks in U.S.	229,600 21	
		28,229,644 11
		$4,859,590 33
ASSETS.		
Gold and Silver coin current	400,327 00	
Dominion Government Demand Notes	2,623,234 00	
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	771,818 85	
Balance due from other Banks	685,202 46	
Balance due from Foreign Agents	1,210,465 06	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	614,084 03	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	955,937 64	
Call and Short Loans on Stocks, Bonds and other Securities	1,871,773 98	
		9,150,843 17
Bills discounted current	23,512,673 63	
Notes discounted overdue (estimated loss provided for)	23,532 83	
Loans to other Banks secured	23,532 66	
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of general Bank Note Circulation	148,270 49	
Real Estate, the property of the Bank (other than the Bank premises)	5,928 66	
Bank premises (including safes, etc.)	1,991,806 89	
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by Bank	3,000 00	
		25,708,747 16
		$34,859,590 33

STUART STRATHY, General Manager.

Toronto, 21st December, 1908.

The General Manager, having read the foregoing report, made the following comments :

From the statement submitted, it will be observed that the results of the year's operations have been satisfactory, notwithstanding the severe financial disturbance, which was felt, more or less, throughout the world during the period under review. The wave of depression is apparently lifting, and we face another year with good prospects of a general return to normal conditions in several lines of business. A brief consideration of the yearly statement will readily show how successful the Bank's business has been during the past year. The net profits, after making allowance for all probable contingencies, and crediting interest to all interest-bearing accounts, amount to $500,217.60. Adding to this the balance carried forward from Profit and Loss the previous year, with one or two small additional items, makes the sum of $525,681.99, which was available for distribution. This amount was apportioned to pay four quarterly dividends at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, amounting to $304,699.50. $20,000 has been written off Bank Premises and Furniture Accounts, and $10,000 has been added to the Officers' Guarantee and Pension Fund, leaving the substantial sum of $190,982.49 to be carried forward at the credit of Profit and Loss new account.

The paid-up Capital Stock of the Bank amounts to ..... $4,353,592.
and the Rest Account ..... $2,000,000.
nearly one-half of the Paid-up Capital.

The total deposits of the Bank now amount to over ..... $25,000,000.

Of this sum over $4,000,000 is non-interest-bearing, and the total deposits of the Bank have increased $2,000,000 during the year.

The assets, which are immediately available, amount to over nine millions of dollars, being about thirty per cent. of the liabilities to the public, a condition which places the Bank in a very strong position.

Attention should be called to the excellent character generally of the assets of the Bank, as set forth in the statement.

During the year, seven new Branches were opened and two were closed, making a total of eighty-one Branches open at the end of the year.

The Bank continued to grow, throughout the year, to increase both in volume and character of its business. It is interesting to note its growth by comparison with the figures of ten years ago :

	1898	1908
Paid-up Capital	$ 700,000	$ 4,353,592
Surplus	50,000	2,000,000
Deposits	4,930,817	25,385,117
Circulation	697,680	2,600,905

The general depression of a year ago has resulted in a contraction of business throughout the Country. Now, that it would appear that the period of depression is passing away, and provided the incoming year is a prosperous one, it is natural to infer that more activity in commercial lines will ensue, followed by a more active demand for money. We find again this year, a considerably larger acreage will be ready for early seeding in the Northwest, consequent upon the continued flow into those lands of a most desirable class of settlers, principally from the Country to the South of us, the effect of which must benefit the Country at large. The greatly increased transportation facilities will also prove an important factor, not alone in the temporary large expenditure, which continues to be made on this account, but by this very large extension of our Railway System, making it possible to bring to the Seaboard the steadily increasing crops of our great Northwest, with the least possible delay. We have established several important Branches in this field, and, as the Country develops, extension in this direction, no doubt, will meet with your approval.

Before concluding, I wish to express my appreciation of the cordial co-operation of all the officials of the Bank in the work of the year. All the books and documents of the Bank have been carefully examined, and the affairs of all the Branches have been looked into, and reported upon in a manner permitting the Board to deal intelligently with all the assets of the Bank.

Mr. C. D. Warren, President, in moving the adoption of the Report, said :

I have much pleasure in moving the adoption of the Report which has been presented. The Management and shareholders may well congratulate themselves on the result of the year's business. The Report affords strong evidence of the prosperous condition of the Bank, and of a satisfactory increase in the general volume of business. The period of prosperity which Canada enjoyed until about a year ago, led to extensive, and in some cases, unsuccessful expansion on the part of many capitalists and business men, and the resources of all financial institutions were taxed to the limit of their capacity to meet the demands of this abnormal enterprise. Depression followed, bringing about conditions that caused a restriction of all financial enterprises, thereby resulting in a withdrawal of capital from business undertakings and an increase in the amount of comparatively idle money not yielding the average return of profits. Last year was, therefore, not to be regarded as one favorable to profitable financial operation, but the results have nevertheless been very satisfactory.

A growing country like Canada, with unbounded resources, naturally has great power of recuperation. Trade depression consequently affected Canada less than almost any other country, and as a result, commercial and manufacturing interests are rapidly recovering from the embarrassment which retarded their progress for the past twelve months. The probability is that in the immediate future, the limit of the available resources of our financial institutions will be reached by the requirements of various legitimate undertakings, which are already beginning to show renewed vigor and vitality.

The Agricultural returns from the Dominion for 1908 indicate a large yield of grain and other crops, and this condition tends materially to create business confidence. With the prospect of fair prices and an increase in the wealth of the country from its natural products, commercial undertakings must receive a great impetus, and manufacturing and all its branches will be greatly extended. The distribution of this increased wealth rests largely with Banking Institutions, and whilst the rate of interest may be somewhat lower than it has been for a year or two, the increased volume of business will, it is believed, maintain the earning power at the same level.

The lumber industry, one of the great National sources of wealth, is rapidly reviving, and increased activity in railway extension and incidental enterprises has given a new impulse to our iron and steel works. Our mining interests now call for large outlays for operation, and our trade, increasing at home and abroad, gives good ground for the hope that Canada in a short time will more than make up for the temporary delay in her course towards the highest point of commercial greatness.

The employment of money is absolutely necessary for current operations, and as these are now extending in all directions, it is not unreasonable to look forward to several years of prosperous development of a substantial character.

To meet the demands involved in the foregoing interests I have briefly mentioned, as well as others that readily suggest themselves, our Banking and financial institutions may expect a largely increased volume of business and a ready and safe outlet for all their surplus money during the present year.

The Northwest is extending its cultivated area, and is being opened to the people by means of great trunk railway lines, and many local extensions. Here we have the true source of wealth. The mere interchanges of the country, but the use of money does not add materially to the general wealth of the country, but the production of the soil, the forest and the mine create new and additional capital, out of which finds its way into Banks, Loan and Insurance Corporations, and other similar Institutions. By keeping a constant and an energetic lookout, we hope to obtain a fair share of the handling of this increased wealth, and with this object in view, we have already established Agencies in some of the more important Western points. Yet, without unduly extending the Bank operations, there is still room for other openings, and advantage of this fact should be taken on occasion and when circumstances permit.

Whilst the value of money chiefly depends on the conditions of the great financial centres of the world, there are many local demands which affect the money market here. It is true that municipal debentures principally find a market in Great Britain. Corporation bonds such as railway, electric, etc., are largely sold abroad, but much of the cash resulting therefrom reaches our Banks eventually. To show the practical situation more forcibly, I might state that the value of Municipal and Corporation Bonds of this country sold in Great Britain in 1908, was over Nineteen Million Dollars, and that Canadian Investors bought only Twenty-one Million Dollars' worth, but the total of over One Hundred and Ten Millions is likely to find its way here, to be used for Local and National development. In view, therefore, of the growth of our transportation and transmission lines, and the development of Municipal works, in every town and city in the Dominion, and the large foreign capital which will be brought into this country for these purposes our Banks may anticipate, not only a large amount of money in circulation and on deposit, but a greater demand for those local needs which cannot be supplied through foreign Agencies. The great Industries of the country must be carried on, and these look to our Banking facilities for assistance, and with the return of prosperity the avenues of investment will materially increase. Your Directors have availed themselves of every favorable opportunity to meet this demand, but always having in mind that prosperous times demand greater care and watchfulness than periods of depression.

Instead of increasing a sufficiently strong reserve to meet all probable demands and thereby locking up a large amount of unproductive money in the treasury, we have invested considerable sums in high-class municipal debentures and other bonds, yielding the Bank a profitable return, and being almost as available as cash if occasion should arise in the future. The price of these securities is not much affected by the local market, the purchasers in Great Britain practically control ing values, and it was felt that no better or safer investment could be made with surplus or reserve funds which must be constantly and immediately available in every well-managed banking institution.

In call loans, we pursue a very conservative policy, so that no large amount of any particular stock shall be held as security by the Bank at any one time. The margin of safety is always large, and the fluctuations of the ordinary market do not affect the security.

Your directors examine practically all credits and accounts in the books of the Bank. No advance of any moment is made without their sanction, and whilst this method entails a large amount of work, we feel it to be the only safe way to discharge our duty. The various agencies have been carefully inspected, the returns scrutinized, and the state and nature of investments thoroughly considered. In this work, we find the services of the Directors' Auditor, Mr. Willis, most valuable, and through him, important information regarding the Bank's transactions is readily available to the Board.

Our inspectors are competent and efficient officers, and it affords me much pleasure in being able to testify to the great care and ability which they bring to bear in the performance of their duties.

I am glad to be able to state that every part of the Head Office building is rented, yielding a good return, and there does not appear to be any doubt as to this condition being continuous. The same satisfactory state of affairs exists in regard to the Yonge and Bloor Streets Office.

We hope that before long, the result of the careful attention and efforts of your Directors and the management may reach the Shareholders in a substantial and gratifying manner.

I move that the Report be adopted.

The Vice-President, Hon. J. R. Stratton, seconded the motion and said: The ground has been pretty thoroughly covered by the remarks of the General Manager and the President; but I can at least re-echo the congratulations and repeat the expression of pleasure which the report warrants.

I have personal knowledge that the directors have all devoted themselves faithfully to the service of the Bank during their tenure of office. This was to be expected from their high standing, high sense of duty, and ability. Besides, they are amongst the largest holders of stock, and are, therefore, the most directly and largely interested. Any indifferent or perfunctory performance of service or duty on their part would naturally prejudicially affect them than shareholders with less interest at stake. It is certain, therefore, that when the responsible officers of the Bank are so directly and personally interested, there exists a guarantee of careful and effective administration. The Bank has more than 1,500 shareholders, many of whom are prominently associated with important and industrial enterprises. The character of these shareholders, associated with the rapid increase of the paid-up capital of the Bank, testifies to the confidence which its stability, and excellent management inspire.

The business of the Bank is expanding in every direction; and it is the aim of the directors to keep the Traders Bank abreast of the great progress this Dominion is making. Of this, its past is a guarantee, which the year just closed strengthens. The very gratifying results achieved, to see business and profits satisfactory, to see securities strengthened, and assets increased, in the face of conditions such as have prevailed during the greater part of the year, seem to be but the natural result of good and efficient management. A financial institution which comes so creditably through a difficult year, can, with improved conditions in every important national interest, reasonably anticipate a prosperous future.

It affords me great pleasure to second the motion for the adoption of the report.

The motion for the adoption of the report was carried unanimously.

Moved by Mr. R. M. Gilkison, seconded by Mr. Geo. Watson, that the thanks of the shareholders are due, and are hereby tendered, to the President, Vice-President and Directors of the Bank for their attention to the interests of the Bank during the past year.—Carried.

Moved by the Hon. J. R. Stratton, seconded by Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, that the thanks of the Directors and Shareholders are due, and are hereby tendered, to the General Manager, the Assistant General Manager, and the staff of the Bank, for their diligent attention to the interests of the Bank during the past year.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Alex. Stewart, seconded by Mr. Jas. E. Brown, that the ballot be now open for the election of Directors, and to be kept open until three o'clock, unless five minutes elapse without a vote being cast, when it shall be closed, and until that time, and for that purpose, only this meeting shall be continued.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Thos. R. Parker, seconded by Mr. J. B. Fairgrieve, that the scrutineers cast one ballot in favor of the following persons as Directors :—C. D. Warren, Hon. J. R. Stratton, C. Kloepfer, W. J. Sheppard, C. S. Wilcox, E. F. B. Johnston, H. S. Strathy.—Carried.

E. Galley, J. K. Niven, Scrutineers.

The Scrutineers reported the following gentlemen duly elected to act as Directors for the ensuing year, viz.:—C. D. Warren, Hon. J. R. Stratton, C. Kloepfer (Guelph), W. J. Sheppard (Waubaushene), C. S. Wilcox (Hamilton), E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., H. S. Strathy.

The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly-elected Directors, Mr. C. D. Warren was re-elected President, and Hon. J. R. Stratton Vice-President by a unanimous vote.

STUART STRATHY, General Manager.

The Traders Bank of Canada, Toronto, 26th January, 1909.

The Quitter.

IT ain't the failures he may meet
That keeps a man from winnin';
It's the discouragement complete
That blocks a new beginnin';
You want to quit your habits bad;
And when the shadows flittin'
Make life seem worthless like an' sad
You want to quit your quittin'!

You want to quit a-layin' down
An' sayin' hope is over
Because the fields are bare an' brown
Where once we lived in clover.
When jolted from the water cart
It's painful to be hittin'
The earth; but make another start.
Cheer up, an' quit your quittin'!

Although the game seems rather stiff,
Don't be a doleful doubter;
There's always one more inning if
You're not a down and outer.
But fortune's pretty sure to flee
From folks content with sittin'
Around an' sayin' life's N. G.—
You've got to quit your quittin'.

—Washington Star.

Henryk Sienkiewicz is modestly allowing himself to be interviewed on the beauty and attainment of the American woman. Has Mr. Sienkiewicz a new novel coming out? He has.—Chicago Post.

Maybe the President should have a larger salary, but it is to be remembered that the Government furnishes the typewriter ribbons.—Chicago News.

Burglars in St. Louis stole a complete set of Roosevelt's works. We are curious to know how the President would classify this style of malefactor.—Cleveland Leader.

A genius is a man who takes the lemons that Fate hands him and starts a lemonade stand with them.—Elbert Hubbard.

Professor (at chemistry examination): Under what combination is gold released most quickly?

Student: Marriage.—Success.

FOR EVERYONE IN THE HOME

Rarely can you make a wiser investment for the home than an investment in a

GERHARD HEINTZMAN
Self-Playing Piano

Anyone Can Play It.

Without music your home can never be complete. To know music—good music—is to-day as generally expected as to know good books.

For one investment—made now—you enlist this, the greatest of all teachers, for all the household at once. By actually playing they learn to appreciate—to distinguish the fine work of the great composers.

Let us tell you for what a reasonable investment you can secure this perfect instrument, which plays the whole eighty-eight notes of the keyboard.

Your present instrument taken as part payment.

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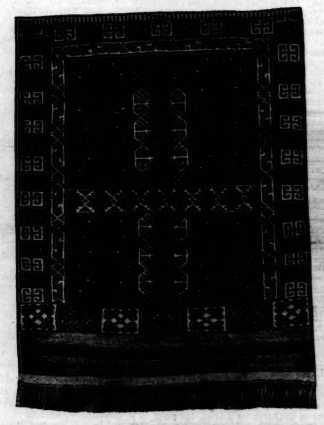

ROYAL BOUKHARA RUGS

Everybody loves Boukharas. The deep, velvety reds, with glimmering tints as of glowing fires, touched with blue, green or gold, and the graceful characteristic octagonal and square patterns, make the Boukhara rug a favorite. It is beautifully adapted to halls, libraries, dens and living rooms. We have an excellent assortment, which we are including in our extended January Clearing Sale, at greatly reduced prices. Our January Sale has been a rare opportunity for hundreds of our city and out-of-town customers, and we have decided to continue the reduced prices for one week longer.

Send for our illustrated booklet on rugs.

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.
40 King Street East Opp. King Edward Hotel

What Canadian Editors are Saying

JUST now we hear a great deal of talk about our Canadian winter. In no other country can be found a winter climate of such charm and beauty—a charm that can be appreciated by the Canadian citizens themselves. It is cold, we admit. But there is no cause to be shamefaced about our winter at all. In what other place in the world can be found a more hardy, happy, healthy and contented people than is to be found in Canada? This is due in no small respect to the rare and invigorating atmosphere of our Canadian winter. Do not disguise our winter. To do so is to rob Canada of one of her glories. Canadian young people can look with pity upon their brothers and sisters of the southern climes, who are drowsing an existence the year around amid the languor of a tropical or semi-tropical climate. Our Canadian winter we could not do without it. Without it there would be no skating, curling, snowshoeing, sleigh riding and other enjoyable winter sports to say nothing of the impetus it gives to lumbering and other business. Our winters are all right and it is just as well to let others know that they must expect cold and snow if they come to Canada. All hail to the Canadian winter! We are proud of it.—North Bay Despatch and Tribune.

* * *

Everybody admits the business outlook is bright. And when everybody feels that way business is bound to be good.—London Advertiser.

* * *

A well-known Toronto doctor is trying the experiment of recommending Algonquin Park to patients who ask him to name a suitable winter resort. So far the results have been most satisfactory. The air is cold, but dry and bracing, the snow is deep, and skating and snowshoeing make excellent substitutes for tennis, golf and the amusements common to Southern and Western resorts. The beautiful woods in the National Park are never more delightful than when the snow lies heavy on the ground; and to be among them has proved a mental joy and a physical benefit to several Toronto people who have gone to the park for a change.—Mail and Empire.

* * *

With new blood in many of the township councils, we hope to see a forward step in the direction of good roads, but that will never be taken until statute labor has been abolished.—Wiarton Echo.

* * *

Funny for Harry Lauder to say "there is only one London" when he must know there is another over in England.—Kincardine Review.

* * *

Surely no jury ought to be allowed to pass, in a murder trial, on a question of sanity. Sanity is a medical question, not within the proper cognizance of an ordinary jury. The verdict, if it turns on sanity, is practically directed by the medical evidence called by the accused in his own interest, and the decision is not one of fact, but of opinion, especially when the medical evidence is conflicting. The function of the jury should be confined to passing on the fact, and the verdict, in case of a doubt as to sanity, should be submitted for revision to the Government. This question may assume a still more practical form if we take in many immigrants from the land of the Mafia.—Goldwin Smith, in The Weekly Sun.

* * *

The women of Ireland are said to have a craze over bridge whist. Which indicates that men have not got home rule in that distracted country.—Belleville Intelligencer.

* * *

The appointment of an outsider to the London postmastership over the heads of the local applicants is taken to mean that the Liberal leaders have given up any hope of recovering London for the party.—Sarnia Canadian.

* * *

An English cynic, commenting on the freakish colloquialisms on this side of the water, describes the word "proposition" as the maid-of-all-work. Come to think of it, isn't this true?—London Advertiser.

* * *

Eastern Canada will not suffer from her winter carnivals. It is well that the world should understand thoroughly that in that part of the Dominion the settler must provide against the elements. And it is not difficult for any industrious and intelligent citizen to do that. The willingness to work and the ability to save will quickly place any man in a position to enjoy comforts which he could not secure in milder climates.—Vancouver Province.

"Havana Cigars"

At no time has our stock of fine Havana Cigars been as complete as it is to-day. Two large Humidors, fully stocked with the world's best brands from Cuba, with special facilities for keeping them in perfect condition.

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THE WM. MARA CO.

Quo Abeo?

THE flood flows down, the sails are spreading,
The destined voyage must begin;—
A quiet farewell, and then, undreading,
I enter in.

But far at sea—"Sir Captain, shelter
Awaits us whither? What harbor saves?"—
Nor sound nor motion but the welter
Of heavy waves.

"Yet tell me—there shall be an ending?
Some port with hope of us is lit?
Within *some* haven we find befriending?
Ah, teach me it!

"Captain, . . . these seas . . . are not uncharted?
We voyage not in blind amaze,
Growing forever fainter-hearted,
Unending days?"

No word—until I fall entreating:
"If here we wander evermore,
If there shall never be a meeting
Again, ashore—

"Oh why the vessel, why the sailing?—
Sink we to rest beneath the sea,
Unsought, unlonging, unavailing,
No more to be?"

Silence—that stings me with the daring
To spring and seize that Shape unknown:
O God—'tis *I* with whom I'm faring
Alone, alone!

—George Herbert Clarke in The Forum.

Should Wives be Self-Supporting?

SHOULD wives be self-supporting? Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman thinks they should. We are tending, she says, toward the higher marriage, which requires a full-grown woman, who is no one's property, or servant, to be self-supporting and proudly independent.

Go to, Mrs. Perkins Gilman; that's not so. Proud independence between husband and wife is not at all conducive to ideal marriage. On the contrary, it is conducive to activity in the divorce courts. Mutual inter-dependence suits the marriage state much better, and it is in such inter-dependence that most married folks who live together get along. That a woman should not be entirely dependent on her husband for money is an advantage to both of them. The custom of giving dowries to girls and securing to them a reasonable degree of pecuniary independence is a mighty good custom (though subject to sordid abuses), and one which will doubtless grow in this country as wealth increases here and our civilization gets settled habits. But by far the greater part of our American marrriages are made without dowries, and they do pretty well.

Marriage is already too much delayed among our professional workers because the man has first to learn to make a living. If women could not marry until they were self-supporting things would be worse than they are.

It is a great advantage to most families to have some degree of leisure secured to the wife, and at least to have her relieved of the need of going out to work. Professor Palmer relates that his wife gave up a salary of $4,000 of her own to share his salary of $3,500 (we quote from memory), and become dependent upon him for support. And yet, Mrs. Gilman, that was a pretty good marriage.

Don't you think, ma'am, that the prosperity of marriage depends more on the folks who undertake it and their sentiments toward one another, than on "proud independence"?—Life.

Hunker—"Halloa, Ricketts, when is your marriage to Miss Flirte coming off?"

Ricketts—"It has been indefinitely postponed."

"What's the trouble?"

"Oh, she married another fellow."—Tit-Bits.

He—Oh, please, Miss Jeanne, do not call me Mr. Durand!

She (coyly)—Oh, but our acquaintance is so short. Why should I not call you that?

He—Well, chiefly because my name is Dupont.—Modern Society.

"Roosevelt isn't much like Spring."

"Who said he was?"

"No one. What I mean is that he came in like a lamb and goes out like a lion."—Life.

The Changeling.

FOR those who come from Fairyland,
The world is hard to understand
And I was born in Fairyland
Under a lucky star,
Perhaps all women are!

My father was a golden king,
My mother was a shining queen:
I heard the magic blue-bird sing;
They wrapped me in a mantle green.

They led their winged white horses out,
We rode and rode till dawn was grey;
We rode with many a song and shout.
"Over the hills and far away."

They stole the crying human child,
And left me laughing by the fire:
And that is why my heart is wild,
And all my life a long desire.

The old enchantments hold me still.
And sometimes in a waking trance
I seek again the Fairy Hill,
The midnight feast, the glittering dance!

The wizard harpers play for me,
I wear a crown upon my head,
A princess in eternity,
I dance and revel with the dead.

"Vain lies!" I hear the people cry.
I listen to their weary truth;
Then turn again to fantasy,
And the untroubled Wand of Youth.

I hear the laughter of the kings,
I see their jewelled flagons gleam;
O wine of life! . . immortal things
Move in the splendor of my dream.

My spirit is a homing dove,
I drain a crystal cup, and fall
Softly into the arms of Love
And then the darkness covers all.

—Olive Douglas, in London Academy.

Nothing strange in the fact that a Washingotn lawyer has made $17,000 out of gas. Some have beaten this record.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Those in authority should place a guard around the German language. George Ade is in Berlin.—Chicago News.

There are lots of things about Venezuela that lead us to regard it as the Boni de Castellane among nations.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Handy Compendium.

LIFE gives this compendium of phrases, for the use of highly intellectual people, who desire to impress others with their importance:

"The race is pressing onward."

"The spirit of comity in public life, which is now coming to be recognized more and more——"

"Our ultimate good requires——"

"We should never forget that we are creatures of destiny."

"Our ethical needs were never greater than to-day."

"Sociological problems of immense importance confront us."

"We must conserve our natural forces. Already we——"

"The highest morality teaches us that we have yet much to learn."

"Is our Democracy, of which we are apt to boast, to be yet proven a failure?"

"Our national life demands——"

"We must preserve our ideals; otherwise——"

"How much of our deterioration can we lay to the spirit of unrest, which is all about us, on every hand?"

"What does history teach us? Why, that——"

"There is an instinctive feeling of immortality at which Science stands abashed."

"There are evidences all about us that the simple faith of our fathers is wavering. To what, then, must we look in the future?"

"A problem in economics confronts us; so vast in its proportions, so overwhelming in its conclusions that we may well pause——"

"We are on the threshold of——"

Supplement.

Handy phrase, to be used by masses of people, who cannot afford those given:

"We are up against it."

Two Irishmen were discussing the various books they had read.

"Have you read 'The Eternal City'?"

"I have."

"Have you read Marie Corelli's works?"

"I have that."

"Have you read 'Looking Backwards'?"

"How on airth could I do that?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Czar: I will build two big battleships.
John Bull: I will build four.
The Czar: I will build eight.
John Bull: I will build sixteen.
The Czar: Let us have peace.—Hamilton Spectator.

Hob: Would you like to see women voters at the polls?

Nob: Yes, indeed. At the North and South Poles.—Sewanee Tiger.